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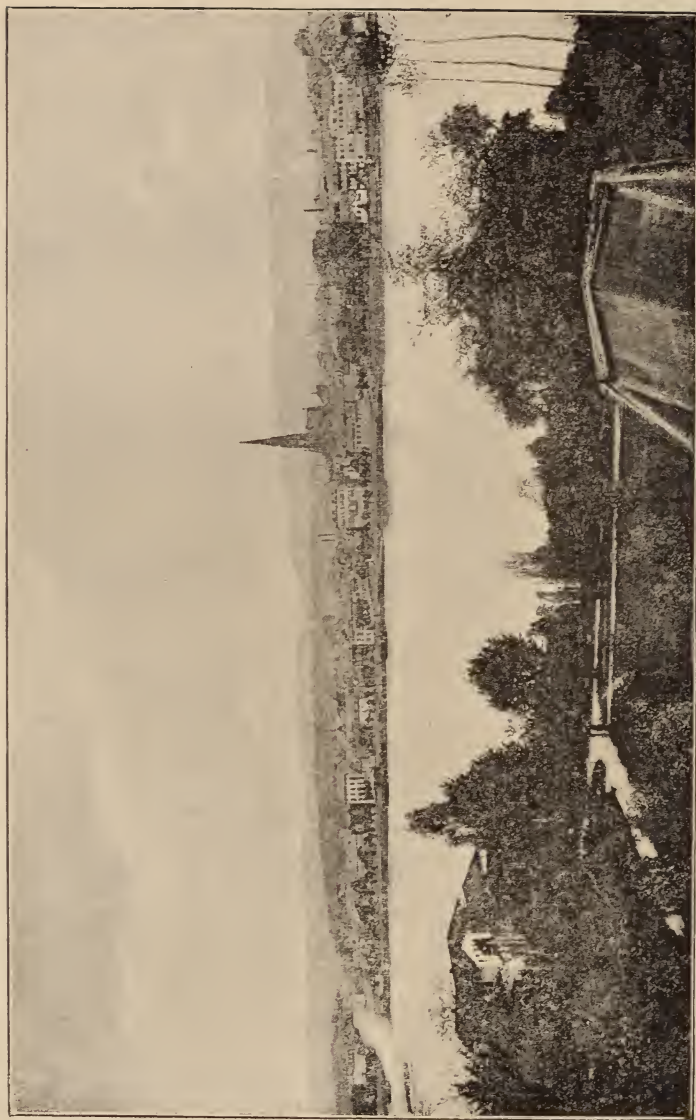
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NEUWIED.

# MORAVIAN SCHOOLS AND CUSTOMS

BY

THE AUTHOR OF "SOME OXFORD CUSTOMS"  
"MORAVIAN LIFE IN THE BLACK  
FOREST," ETC., ETC.



LONDON  
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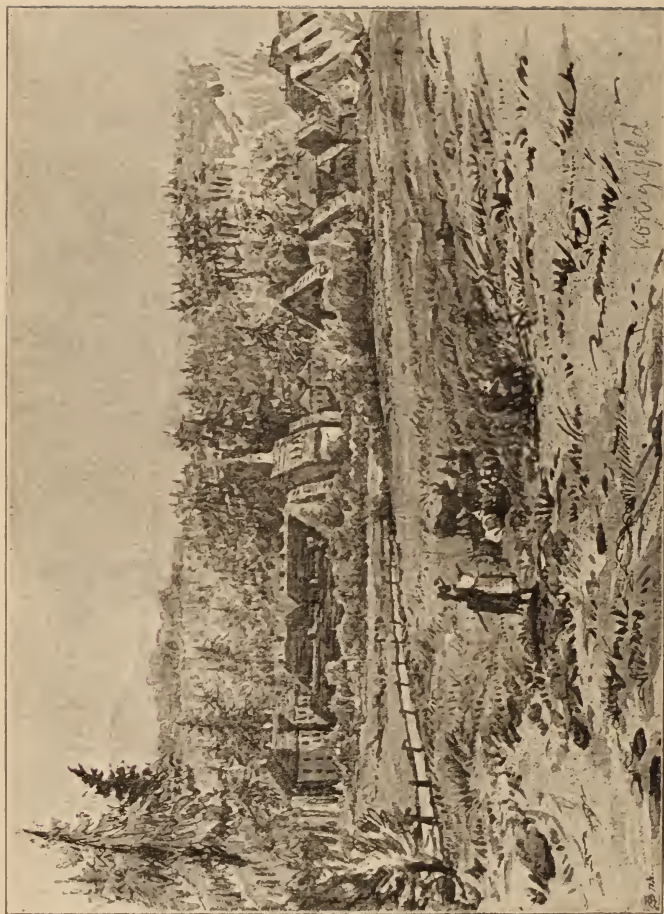
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DEDICATED  
TO  
THE SOCIETY OF "OLD NEUWIEDERS,"  
AND ALL ITS MEMBERS, PAST, PRESENT, AND TO COME,  
IN AFFECTIONATE REMEMBRANCE OF  
OLD NEUWIED—AND KÖNIGSFELD—DAYS.

By the Author.



KÖNIGSFELD IN THE BLACK FOREST.

# MORAVIAN SCHOOLS AND CUSTOMS.



## CHAPTER I.

### THE MORAVIANS AT KÖNIGSFELD.

“ Alas ! the world is full of peril !  
The path that runs through the finest meads  
On the sunniest side of the valley, leads  
Into a region bleak and sterile !  
But, in this sacred and calm retreat,  
We are all well and safely shielded  
From winds that blow and waves that beat,  
To which far stronger hearts have yielded.”

LONGFELLOW.

METHINKS I see little Königsfeld on that sultry August afternoon, a lovely picture of repose, as it lies so peaceful and calm beneath the pure, intensely purple sky ; its white houses and tall roofs, its schools, and little chapel, standing out in bold relief from the dark background of forest that rises up around them.

No cries and shouts are heard of idle

urchins, no noisy customers besiege the solitary inn-door, the children are all collected in the schools adapted to their sex and age ; the labourers, many of them women, are at work in the neighbouring fields, gathering in the last of the hay and clover crops, and the other inhabitants are either sitting at home with carefully closed green shutters, to keep off, if possible, the dazzling rays of the burning sun, or they are gone out to the forest, carrying with them books and work to its cool and welcome shade, where their seats are the moss-grown stumps of long-ago felled trees, their carpet, the green straggling bilberry-bushes that strew the ground, laden with dark, juicy fruit, a good contrast to its bright-coloured namesake, the red bilberry, whose scarlet clusters of berries peep forth so prettily from the wax-like leaves of the low stunted plant on which they grow.

In one part of the forest, the loud croaking of the frogs from the sedgy borders of

the rush-pond, or, as I have been wont to name it from its hoarse-voiced inmates, the frog-pond, breaks the stillness of the air; in another direction the monotonous drip of a water-wheel is heard, and down in a picturesque little dell you see a saw-mill at work beneath a rustic shed, the unwieldy tool slowly but surely making its way through the gigantic trunk to which its teeth have been applied.

But Königsfeld, the little settlement itself, is still—not a sound is heard, save the distant, soft, sweet tinkling of the cow-bells, as the herds wander leisurely over the newly-mown meadows, cropping what scanty herbage there remains, and the plashing of the little fountain in the centre of the place, as its tiny column rises into the air, then falls again, scattered into thread-like, sparkling streams, that ripple the surface of the shallow basin, alive with gold and silver fish, embedded in green turf, and surrounded with fragrant lime trees.

Not even the sound of old brother Flach's hatchet, as he chops wood in the yard of the Sisters' house, is heard, for he is resting to wipe the perspiration from his furrowed brow; the fowls, too, are silent, lying huddled together in the shade, half buried in chips and saw-dust, beneath the deep eaves of the log-house.

Presently, down one side of a double flight of stone steps, leading to the entrance of one of the best houses of the little settlement, descends a young girl, with a pitcher in her hand and a child on her arm. The child is the youngest daughter of the doctor of the place—the only doctor of the little community, and one, moreover, held in high esteem by the Black Foresters of the neighbourhood, who will fetch him at dead of night to some one of their scattered, far-off farms, and reward him, perhaps, for coming, by an upset of their lumbering, rickety vehicles! The girl is a daughter of one of the less considerable of these peasant farmers,

who has come to live as servant with the doctor's wife ; and very well she likes her position. She is fond of attending the Moravian services in the chapel, is pleased to be permitted to take part in their festivals, and even thinks that she shall one day like to join their community.

She is a bright-looking girl, with a ruddy complexion, fine blue eyes, white teeth, and red lips ; none of her hair is to be seen in front, being concealed beneath the black skull-cap she wears ; but behind, from below the gaily embroidered horse-shoe crown, descend two long brown plaits, tied at the ends with black ribbon ; above the cap she wears a round straw hat, which protects her head from the sun, although the brim is too narrow to shade her face ; it is painted white, and trimmed with four black rosettes. Her petticoat is also black, and very short and full, though it does not set off, except round the waist, where it is bunched out by means of a bolster of

straw. The sombre hue of her dress is relieved by the dazzling whiteness of her stockings and large chemise sleeves, tightened at the elbow, which are visible, as she has left off her close-fitting jacket on account of the heat. The lacings of her bodice are many coloured, and her apron, which is beautifully clean, and tied together by the corners behind, after a favourite fashion of the country, is checked, blue and white.

Whilst she fills her pitcher at the fountain, the little settlement seems to become suddenly animated; four o'clock has struck, the afternoon classes are ended, and children are seen on all sides wending their way to their homes. Marie returns to the house with three laughing sprites dancing around her, threatening every instant to pull the crowing Mat-hildchen from her arms.

In the meantime, the boarders of both boys' and girls' schools having cleared their class-rooms of books and work, are

sitting down to a plentiful vesper, as they call their afternoon meal, of bread and fruit. This over, they proceed with their teachers to the play-grounds, or go for a ramble in the forest, where they may stay gathering wild flowers and berries, if they choose, till supper time, which is at half-past six; for there are no lessons to prepare this evening, since to-morrow is a festival.

Not a holiday to be spent in mirth, and dancing, and idle amusement, but a solemn feast unto the Lord; and there are many such celebrated by this little Church, in annual commemoration of the peculiar blessings and marks of Divine favour with which its revival was attended. I say its revival; for though we usually speak of "the foundation of the Church of the Brethren by Count Zinzendorf, in 1722," its actual origin dates as far back as the martyrdom of Huss, when their ancestors in Bohemia and Moravia, quitting home, friends, and possessions, for

the sake of the faith, fled into the forests and mountain-caverns, and there preserved a spark of the true light, which, although it became so faint as almost to be extinguished during the subsequent fierce persecutions, still was not suffered to die out, but, after centuries gone by, when the Church was again tottering at its foundations, reappeared in its original purity and simplicity—a little leaven that should tend to leaven the whole lump.

Far and wide spread the influence of the little colony at Herrnhut, on the estate of the good Count Zinzendorf, who had suffered the poor refugees, chased like their ancestors from their native homes by the fierce spirit of persecution, there to settle and take root. Numbers, from other Churches and sects, but chiefly Lutherans, flocked to join them. All were Christians, and as such the brethren received them in love. Still, the difference of sentiment existing among them on minor points of doctrine naturally gave

rise to disputes, which for a time disturbed the original harmony of the community. The wise and prudent measures, however, taken by the pious young count, produced at length a reconciliation between all parties; various institutions and regulations, formed with a view to securing and perfecting this unity, were favourably and unanimously received, and the bond of renewed brotherhood was finally sealed by all partaking of the sacrament together, the administration of which was, on that occasion, attended with such a special blessing, the peace-bringing presence of the Saviour was so visibly felt, the hearts of all so overflowed with love towards Him and to each other, that the day has ever since been kept by the members of the Church as one of thanksgiving and prayer.

Let us again fancy ourselves at Königsfeld on the morrow, the 13th of August. It is still early morning; the inhabitants of the little settlement are not yet astir;

a light haze, foretelling heat, broods over the place and dims the blue sky; the mist curls downwards in fantastic wreaths through the stems and branches of the firs, the tall summits of which are just caught by the gilding rays of the sun. All is still; but anon the half-waking dreams of the sleepers are mingled with the idea of heavenly music, and rousing themselves to consciousness, they become aware that the subdued and solemn sound of trumpets is ushering in, in plaintive psalmody, the dawn of the festival.

At nine o'clock the whole community, the Sisters and young girls all in white, attend the early service in the chapel, when the venerable pastor holds an address on the subject of the festival, and prays with earnest fervour for a blessing on it.

Two young women and a youth, sitting on their respective sides of the chapel, just opposite the minister's desk, appear to be deeply affected by the address and prayer; indeed, in both they have been

specially named. They have long been candidates to become members of the community. They have resided some time at Königsfeld, making themselves acquainted with the ordinations and arrangements, external and internal, of the Moravian Church, and, still remaining in the mind to join it, the "Lot" has been cast by the elders in childlike faith, with fervent prayer to the Lord that He, the "Chief Elder" of the Church, would testify His will concerning the matter, and the answer has sanctioned the admission of the young people, who are now, in the presence of the assembled congregation, about to be received into the respective choirs of Brethren and Sisters by their several representatives, with the pledge of the right hand and the kiss of charity.

Sometimes the lot is cast more than once, at successive intervals, before the result sanctions the admission of the candidates; in which case they are admonished to examine themselves whether

they truly and sincerely desire to join the Church ; and, if so, to await patiently the Lord's good time for their acceptance.

The Lot is only made use of on special occasions—such as the reception of new members, the appointment of ministers, and sometimes in the case of marriage ; it is always accompanied by previous earnest, fervent prayer, and the result is accepted with childlike trust and submission. The marriages thus decided in recent years are chiefly those of the missionaries, who, called suddenly to some distant heathen station, still unmarried, and perhaps not having yet thought of marrying, yet from the nature of their office requiring that a partner should share with them its labours,—lay their case before the elders of the church, and request that they will propose a fit partner for them. These latter—who through the superintendents of the several choirs, are acquainted with the character and dispositions of each and all of their brethren and sisters—choose from

the latter a certain number of those who would seem to their human judgment suited for a helpmate to the future missionary, and then devoutly appeal to the Lord for His direction in their final choice. The proposal is then made to the sister on whom the lot has fallen, through the pastor of the community, and she almost always accepts it, in prayerful trust that such is the will of God. The instances are rare of these marriages not proving happy.

The two young sisters who have been formally received into the community on this festal morning, have put on to-day, for the first time, the quaint little cap of fine white muslin, which, with its pink ribbon passed through a small loop just behind each ear, and then brought down again and tied beneath the chin, is the only peculiarity in the sisters' dress, except on festival days, when they wear white shawls and long white muslin aprons. If we look into the chapel this afternoon, while

the "Liebesmahl," or lovefeast (according with the customs of the agapæ of the early Christians), is being held, we shall notice that some of the sisters have a blue ribbon in their cap, some pink, some white, and some red. These are the distinguishing badges of the choirs to which they belong; the colour for the single sisters' choir being pink, for the married sisters' choir blue, for the widows' white, and for the girls' a beautiful crimson.

The brothers are divided into similar classes, and there is also a children's choir. Each choir has its annual festival, celebrated on the anniversary of its formation, or some day otherwise memorable to it; and on these, as on their other festivals, the chief part of the day is spent in solemn and touching meetings for prayer and praise in the chapel, the celebration of the Lovefeast with a musical service in the afternoon, and at the close of the day the receiving of the Lord's Supper. There occur in the month of August, no fewer

than three such choir festivals : that of the children on the seventeenth, of the unmarried brothers on the twenty-ninth, and of the widowers on the thirty-first.

Oh, what a long-looked-forward-to, long-to-be-remembered day is that children's feast, or "Kinder-fest!" All the pupils of the schools, strangers and "Gemeinkinder" (as the children of the community are called), are alike admitted to a participation in its enjoyments. The teachers, masters, and mistresses lay themselves out to please and gratify their young charges; the services are beautifully adapted to the comprehension and the edification of all; and the weather, usually favourable at this season, and so wonderfully brilliant in those high mountain regions, seems to add zest to the whole. How delightful to be awakened on the morning of the day, by the Brothers blowing the trumpets beneath the windows, or the teachers singing softly at the dormitory doors, "Segne, segne sie aus freiem

Trieb ; " (Bless, oh ! bless them !)—or some such suitable hymn. Into what a fairy-land are the school-rooms converted, with their wreaths and flowers, their heather-chains and oak-garlands, their tables spread with cakes and fruit, and decked with gay bouquets and plants ! As we pass from room to room along the corridors, or up and down the broad staircase, what fragrance pervades the air from the strewed branches of fir on which we tread ! We are free to roam as we like to-day, and happy and joyous we feel in our liberty. Then there is the breakfast for all together in the dining hall (not, as usual, for each class in its own room), the extra-strong coffee, duly sweetened ; the great currant-cakes, a sort of bun of an oval form—become by custom a necessary part of the festive fare,—afterwards the careful adorning, I will not say unattended with the slightest possible tinge of vanity ! the adjusting of the newly-washed, spotless white dresses, the putting

on of the bow and sash, and, to finish all, the little net cap with its pink trimmings.

Who would not pardon the involuntary smile of delight, the irresistible wandering of eyes, when, on entering the chapel for the first service, we find it also carpeted with branches of the fir, the doors festooned with evergreens, the windows filled with flowering plants and shrubs, and the minister's desk hung, instead of with dark green cloth, with pure white, bound round the top with a pink ribbon (of a deeper shade than the sisters' colour), and decorated with delicate chains of honey-scented heather, and wreaths of the prickly juniper, interspersed with the brightest blossoms of the season.

It is a pretty sight, and the white dresses seem in keeping with the scene. But soon all outward show and symbols of festivity are forgotten, when—the last tones of the organ's solemn peal having died away—the venerable pastor gives out a hymn, and then, in simple heart-stirring

tones, addresses they outhful choir before him in words that will never be forgotten, and which, doubtless, will in after years be looked back upon by many of those present as good seed that has since taken deep root in their hearts. Such is the fervently expressed desire of him now speaking to and praying for them. During the day, there are three other services—the sermon at ten; the love-feast, with its accompanying beautiful psalmody, at three, to which even the infants are admitted on this their own peculiar festival; and an address, preceded by a choral piece, sung to a full accompaniment of wind instruments, violins, and organ, in the evening.

The services are numerous—too numerous, it may be objected; yet no! they are not found so. For one thing, there is, if we may so speak, great variety in them; they cannot become tedious, the longest seldom lasting more than an hour,—others but half an hour; there is nothing held forth above the comprehension of the

youngest or the meanest: 'tis ever the heart rather than the understanding that is appealed to. All attend them with eagerness and delight; the Black Foresters come in numbers on Sundays and holy days to join in them; and it is a strange and pleasing sight, on a bright calm Sabbath morning, to see the country-people, in their picturesque costume, men and women with great bouquets in their breasts, flocking betimes into the little settlement, and collecting in groups in front of the chapel; where, seated on the porch steps, or in the shade of the trees around the fountain, they await the chiming of the bell for the ten o'clock service.

These poor peasants live so far from their parish churches, which are necessarily but thinly scattered throughout this sparsely cultivated district, that many of them would probably attend no place of worship at all, were they not thus attracted to that at Königsfeld, partly, perhaps, out of curiosity, but also from affection for the

brethren, who have won their respect and good-will by instituting schools for their children, and other unceasing efforts to do good amongst them. This, indeed, was the object of the self-denying Moravians when they first came—a few from one of their flourishing little colonies, a few from another—to settle in this wild mountain-region, the “King’s Field,” as they then named it; wilder still when, early in the present century, in the bleak month of December, 1807, they felled the first tree for the now thriving village.

Five years later, when the little community had already begun to increase, the church was completed and consecrated, an event which was celebrated with much holy joy and rejoicing at the fifty years’ jubilee.

Friends and brethren from various quarters — Herrnhut, Stuttgard, Basle, Zürich, and other parts of Switzerland—arrived to take part in the festival. The masters of the school and many of the

sisters had employed their spare time for weeks in preparing decorations for the church, which, when the day arrived, looked beautiful indeed, with its festoons of dark green fir, looped up over each window by a golden knob, its flowers and bouquets, inscriptions, and other devices.

Over the pastor's seat, a light arch, supported by two ivy-garlanded pillars, had been erected, illuminated with the texts for the day, and bearing a basket filled with all the flowers and fruits of the season. The desk was draped with soft white muslin, garlanded with blossoms and evergreens, and the floor was strewn with fir sprigs, which filled the air with aromatic odour. The choir sang their very sweetest strains. The festival lasted two days, Sunday and Monday. On the second day a "Liebesmahl" was held; and in the evening the Holy Communion was administered, a large concourse of friends and visitors taking part in it. The singing of the verse, "Die wir uns all

hier beisammen finden schlagen unsere Hände ein," was very fervent, when each communicant shakes hands right and left, giving and receiving the kiss of peace in token of fellowship in and with Christ.

Three young women and a couple of youths were received into the congregation on the occasion. Brethren and sisters are received into the community in the name of Jesus Christ, the King of their Church, that they may take up their cross with Him and follow Him.

The minister sings, " May He give you His kiss of peace, unto the thorough enjoyment of His salvation, and as a seal of His faithfulness and of our fellowship."

Here, the superintendents of the several choirs—the Brothers on one side, the Sisters on the other—come forward, and placing themselves opposite the candidates, kiss them. The community then sings, " We give you our hand." Here the representatives of the choirs take the hands of the candidates, and the minis-

ter continues, "May the Lord whom you confess make your life in the community a joy to Himself and to you! May the God of peace make you holy! Serve Him in His kingdom! Let body, soul, and spirit remain pure unto the day of judgment!"

The service concludes with another prayer.

To return to the children's feast. The festivities are not at an end with the close of that day, for the day following is also kept as a holiday in the schools; and, if the weather permit, the pupils are taken to spend the afternoon at one of the distant farm-houses, which, according to the fashion of the thinly populated district, serve the double purpose of inns, where, in primitive rustic style, they enjoy what refreshment they can find. Coffee and sugar they have carried with them, and bread; and excellent milk and butter, they are sure to obtain at a moderate outlay. These having been secured, the Sisters,

accustomed to the manners of the place, make their way to the little kitchen, and there with their own hands prepare the coffee, and set the milk to boil, while the hostess stands looking on with knitting in hand, or arms akimbo, chattering all the time.

These farm-house inns are quaint places. Picture to yourself a permanent hencoop built in the wall of the guest-room,—cow-shed, stable, and pig-stye under the same roof that shelters you for the time being, and only separated from the apartment you occupy by a narrow passage, and a low lath partition; above you, perhaps, the hay-loft! Still, whatever may be the somewhat extraordinary internal arrangements of these dwellings, they are certainly externally picturesque in the extreme. There is the thatched, deep-eaved roof, to protect the walls from the effects of the winter snows; the wooden gallery, running round three sides of the house, with its luxuriant row of pinks

straggling in wild profusion above, below, and between the roughly-carved palisades; beneath, neatly ranged against the walls, is the stack of newly cut wood, on which hang coarse knitted stockings, white, or, maybe, bright scarlet and blue, to dry or bleach.

When the coffee has been duly partaken of and enjoyed, games of play in the fields or meadows adjoining the farm follow, in which old and young take part; and when evening sets in, all return, a little tired and very happy, singing as they go, to Königsfeld. Such little treats as these are of frequent occurrence throughout the summer, on half-holidays; and the kind Director or Principal—in former years styled inspector—the superintendent of both boys' and girls' schools, usually adds to the enjoyment of them by his presence.

Sometimes, instead of going to a farmhouse, an excursion is made to some beautiful or romantic spot in the neighbourhood,—a waterfall, some lovely forest dell, carpeted with flowers and verdure,

or wild mountain gorge, where the torrent dashes foaming and roaring between shelving rocks and steep precipices, their rugged sides clothed in patches with the wild raspberry and blackberry, the hazel-bush and crimson wood-strawberry, all growing apparently from the granite mass itself, so scanty is the soil in which they have taken root.

Here, having walked some five or six miles, we are glad to sit down and rest, and refresh ourselves with the milk-roll that we have each brought in our pocket, and a sip of the light and cooling wine that the good inspector has taken care to provide for us.

We look around, and find that we are shut in by the black and lofty mountains of Würtemberg; in front of us is a steep, thickly wooded ascent, its sides furrowed with wood tracks, down which the tall fir trees are sped into the torrent below, which floats them into the Kinzig, and so into the Rhine; behind us a rugged

precipice, towering to the skies. Here we sit, in intense enjoyment of the scene, chatting or singing; or we wander along the torrent's brink with the inspector, examining the fossils there to be found in numbers, and listening to his description of the nature of the soil of the Black Forest—its qualities and properties, its granite bottom and red sandstone surface—till at length the sinking sun warns us that we must bend our steps homewards; and, returning by a different route to that by which we came, we reach Königsfeld between eight and nine o'clock, after a delicious moonlight walk through the depths of the forest.

It is not the school children alone who make these pleasant trips; the Sisters, and Brothers too, in their turn, arrange similar excursions amongst themselves, and take part in them with equal zest. Simple and unassuming in manner and habits, not holding themselves aloof from society, but free from the affectation of

the world, neither taking part in nor yearning for its frivolous amusements and gaieties, their hearts are open to the full enjoyment of nature and its beauties. Of expense their frugal earnings will not allow, but such pleasures as these do not cost much, and, if they work a little the harder five days and a half out of six, they can fairly afford now and then to spare an afternoon for such innocent indulgence.

Almost all the unmarried sisters, except, indeed, those to whom home duties afford sufficient employment, or who are in service, reside in the Sisters' house, where they earn their living by various occupations, according to their several talents or abilities. Some are teachers in the school, others fill the position of servants; some are dressmakers or milliners, or they are skilful *menders*. Some employ themselves in doing all sorts of fancy and fine work, which is afterwards sold to visitors who come to take part in the festivals, or to

others, for the general benefit of the house; some assist in the laundry, some in the bakehouse, some in the kitchen, where cooking was at one time daily done for nearly three hundred persons; namely, for the boys' and girls' schools, the Sisters, and several families in the place. Then there are the cows and pigs, and the poultry-yard to be attended to; the garden, the potato and corn-fields, the hay meadows belonging to the Sisters' house: all the work in which is done by the Sisters themselves, assisted by a couple of Black Forest girls. In Germany, indeed, this does not appear so astonishing as it would to us; for there the women are accustomed to reap the corn, to mow the hay, and do a variety of out-door labour, that we should consider only fit for men.

But, whatever the difference in their employment, however mean the work of some, and elevated the occupation of others, all are sisters, and regard each other as such, and in all may be found

more or less refinement—that true refinement that proceeds from the heart and brain.

The Brothers are likewise employed in teaching, also in watch and clock making, bookbinding, dyeing, attending to the shop or little store of the place, or in out-door work.

When the warm summer weather is gone, and the cold winter sets in with its sharp frosts and deep snows, the dark, short days are enlivened by diversions which, if of a somewhat different nature to those enjoyed in summer, are equally delightful, equally simple.

There are the little concerts, got up by the Brothers and Sisters forming the church choir, at which oratorios are performed, or other sacred music, which they have practised during the long evenings. Sometimes the pupils of the boys' school and their masters give a musical entertainment, a miscellaneous concert that does wonderful credit to the per-

formers, while it cannot fail to give pleasure to the audience.

There are sledge-drives, not very frequent, certainly, but all the more enjoyed on that account, when the Sisters, four or five together, hire a sledge, and start after their early half-past eleven o'clock dinner, for Donaueschingen, or Villingen, the bustling little post-town, to see, maybe, some travelling menagerie, or to do their Christmas shopping—purchase, that is, little articles of luxury not to be obtained at the one shop at Königsfeld.

How delightful to make one of such a party on a cold, bright December day! The sleigh-bells tinkle merrily as the low, capacious vehicle glides swiftly over the hard, crisp ground; far and near there is nothing to be seen but fields of dazzling, shining snow; the iced hedges glitter in the sunlight; and the forest looks like some enchanted maze, every branch and twig fantastically festooned, as it were, with crystallized lace; and, ever and anon,

a brilliant shower, as of diamonds, descends suddenly to the ground, as the trees, slightly stirred by the breeze, let fall some of their snowy burden.

The children are provided with small hand-sledges, roughly made of wood, which are a source of great amusement to them throughout the winter, when, after a good sharp frost, they carry them to the top of some tolerably smooth and gentle declivity, and seating themselves upon them, and giving the impulse with their feet, glide rapidly down, making the air ring with their laughter and shouts of delight.

Then there are the Christmas festivities, which commence with the first Sunday in Advent; from which time to the Holy Eve itself no evening passes that the "Christ-kind" (Christ-child) does not enter one of the rooms of the Sister's house, or schools, or some one of the family-dwellings of the little settlement, dispensing its blessings and favours in the shape of

glittering Christmas-trees, or Christmas gifts, presented anonymously on trays decked out with coloured waxen tapers, and ornamented with many an ingenious device.

There is the New Year's Eve, with the solemn midnight service, and the previous general tea-drinking; the pupils and their teachers all together, the Sisters in companies in their several rooms, and the young girls with their superintendents in their own apartment.

The unusual lateness of the hour, the approaching service, and the occasion of it,—namely, the close of the present year, which, with all its incidents, the sins and follies committed in it, may never be recalled, and the dawn of a new one—a future that we cannot penetrate—all induces to grave and serious reflection. Many a silent prayer is offered—many a secret resolution formed—gentle words of admonition are tenderly proffered, and thoughtfully listened to. The new text-

book is opened, and each draws a text for the other, a text from the Word of God, that shall be, as it were, a motto, a little light on the path, during the coming year.

The birthdays of the Inspector and Inspectress, and of the two superintendents of the Sisters' house, all occurred at this season, and the preparation and presentation of birthday offerings, and the birthday treats given respectively to the School and Sisters' choir were not reckoned amongst the least of its pleasures.

The winters at Königsfeld, lying as it does high amongst the mountains of the Black Forest—and within sight of the Jungfrau, Mönch, and Finsteraarhorn—are very severe, and, consequently, especially trying to the old and infirm. Thus it not unfrequently happens that a temporary shade—I will not say gloom, for where faith and hope are bright and clear that cannot come—is cast over the festivities of the season by the departure, or rather,

as they themselves expressively term it, the going home, the “Heimgang,” of some time-honoured member of the community.

Early in the morning, in the stillness of the evening, or, perhaps, during the busy hours of the day, a low, solemn strain of music from the church-tower suddenly strikes upon the ear, and one looks at another and says,—“Our brother is gone home!” \*

A few days later the whole community assembles in the chapel, and the life (in most instances an autobiography) of the departed is read aloud by the minister. How such a biography will sometimes abound in edification and instruction! What an example it will hold forth of Christian discipline and fortitude! Perhaps the writer has seen many chances and changes of this troubled life; he may have been for years a missionary in the ice-bound regions of Greenland and Lab-

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\* Each choir has a particular melody to announce the death of its members.

rador, or on the unhealthy, fever-breeding coast of Dutch Guiana, or amongst the wild aborigines of the scorching plains of Caffraria. He may have laboured hard to convert some souls to God, and have met with but little or varying success, till at length, just when he was making steady, encouraging progress in his work of love, his health has broken down, and he has been called back to Europe, perhaps after a time to devote what remaining energies he has to the service of one of the communities in his native land; or, if his strength be too far gone for that, to rest and take repose in what quiet settlement he may choose, till the Lord shall call him home to Himself!

After the reading of the biography a short and suitable musical service follows, and then the whole community assembles in front of the chapel, and having sung a hymn, forms in procession to follow the coffin to the grave. The trumpets are blown at intervals as we proceed on our

way to the "Gottes-acker,"—the field of the Lord, as they term their burial-place—a peaceful little spot, enclosed by hedges and trees in the midst of a plantation.

Here is no distinction of high and low, every grave is alike, marked with a plain flat stone, the only adornment the turf in which it is embanked, and, in summer, the flowers—the evergreen periwinkle, the pure white lily, the blood-red rose, or other such simply emblematic blossoms that surround it. Here the burial service is sung and said, the coffin is lowered into the newly-dug grave, another hymn is given out, and all return quietly home.

When the Easter morn dawns calm and bright, the Brethren and Sisters repair in company to this hallowed spot to pray and sing among the graves, in joyful commemoration of the resurrection of Him who has become the first-fruits of them that sleep.

This Sabbath of sabbaths is about to dawn; but in the Sisters' house all is yet

hushed and still. It is dark; only here and there a brightly twinkling star emits a faint ray of light, as it peeps in through the unshuttered panes. Presently a small party of Sisters and young girls, with lanterns and tapers in their hands, are seen softly treading the broad staircase; and, passing along the dim corridor, they stop at a door at the further end; they silently fall into a half circle, and a single voice, melodious and powerful, bursts forth—"The Lord is risen!"—"Der Herr ist auferstanden!" Five other voices, in sweet unison respond—"Yea, verily He is risen!"—and then all join in the Easter Hymn—

"Hail! to the rising from the tomb!"

Retracing their steps, they stop at several other doors, and repeat the salutation and the hymn. Before they have completed their round, and concluded the last verse, the house is astir. A hasty toilet is being performed, and at half-past



THE GOTTESACKER.



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four all will assemble in the chapel for the Easter Litany ; after which they wend their way in quiet procession, full of holy solemn thoughts, to the Gottes-acker in the plantation, and there, as they recall the names of those gone home before them, and count the green mounds raised since last the hallowed Easter morn found them thus assembled, they are forcibly reminded that, ere another day dawns, they too may have passed away. No sigh escapes their lips at the reflection ; they utter it gravely but not sadly, for their hearts are full of joyful, child-like faith in the blood of Him who died for them, and rose again, as on this day, an earnest of their resurrection !

## CHAPTER II.

### THE MORAVIANS AND THEIR ORIGIN, CHURCH GOVERNMENT, AND CONSTITUTION.

“The rugged rocks, the dreary wilderness,  
Mountains and woods, are our appointed place;  
'Midst storms and waves, on heathen shores unknown

We have our temple, and serve our God alone.”

—*Hymn of the ancient Bohemian Brethren.*

THE Moravians claim, with the sanction of all intelligent historians, to have descended from one of the earliest Churches founded by the Apostle Paul in Illyricum (Rom. xv. 19), and of the Apostle Titus in Dalmatia (2 Tim. iv. 10), namely, the Sclavonian branch of the Greek or Eastern Church.

Christianity was introduced into Bohemia and Moravia by two Greek ecclesiastics, Cyrilus and Methodius, in the ninth century, about which time the great

and lasting schism between the Eastern and Western Churches occurred. Later on a long series of the most bitter persecutions fell upon the Bohemians and Moravians, in common with the Waldenses of France and Italy, in order to subject them, if possible, to the Papal See; but through all they adhered to the pure simplicity of their original Christian faith.

The name of *Unitas Fratrum*, or United Brethren, was the result of a formal union, in 1457-60, between the Moravians, Bohemians, and Waldenses, all of whom afterwards, so far as they were distinctly known, bore the title of United Brethren, commonly called Moravians. "A most important subject of their deliberations," says one of their historians, "both at their synods and at other times, was how to maintain a regular succession of their ministers, when those who now exercised the ministry should be removed by death or other causes." Suitable measures were therefore taken for this purpose, which

have been constantly and regularly sustained up to the present day. The Moravians, like all the old Eastern Churches, claim to have practically maintained an uninterrupted succession of Bishops from the Apostolic times. And notwithstanding all the fiery trials and persecutions through which they have passed, they are well able to prove it to every unbiassed investigator. This was made a special subject of examination in the early part of the last century by the learned and celebrated Archbishop Potter, who thus announced his opinion in 1737:—"That the Moravians were an Apostolic and Episcopal Church, not sustaining any doctrine repugnant to the Thirty-nine Articles of the Church of England; that they, therefore, could not with propriety, nor ought to be hindered from preaching the Gospel to the heathen."

The Moravians were the first Christian society who employed the newly invented art of printing for the promulgation of the Holy Scriptures, in a living language,

among the people. The first edition was published at Venice about the year 1470, being the oldest printed version of the Bible in any European language. Before the commencement of the Reformation in 1517, the Moravians had already issued three editions of the Scriptures. Subsequently, however, they, with all the Protestants of Bohemia and Moravia, were so sore beset by their persecutors, that they became well-nigh extinct. Their ministers were banished—many of their leading men imprisoned and executed. But towards the end of the Thirty Years' War, in 1632, the learned and zealous Brother Amos Comenius, who had retreated into Poland with a little remnant of the flock, was consecrated Bishop, and, hoping against hope, commenced a restoration of the dying, scattered Church. He appealed for support and protection to all the Protestant Princes of Europe; and, in England especially, whither he had been called to "reform our schools," he created so strong

a sympathy, that at length, in 1715, an order was issued from the Privy Council, "for the relief and for preserving the Episcopal Churches in Great Poland and Polish Russia."

Soon after this, in the year 1722, we find the little band of refugees from Moravia and Bohemia, escaped from the thralldom and oppression they still endured there, founding their first settlement and resting-place in Protestant Silesia, on the estate of the good Count Zinzendorf. He gave them a plot of ground near the Hutberg, or Watch-hill, and they called their village Herrnhut, or the Watch of the Lord. By degrees such of their scattered, exiled brethren as remained, and had not, in the lapse of time and separation, become absorbed into other Protestant Communions, joined them. With these, and the addition of some members of other persuasions, who had been attracted to them, the little settlement numbered at the end of ten years 600 souls.

No sooner had they formed themselves into something of a steadily organized Church, than their thoughts turned towards the spread of the Gospel among the heathen abroad. It has been said that it is “a questionable philanthropy to leave the work of Christian truth undone and neglected at home, to carry the tidings it proclaims into distant regions where idolatry has so firm a foothold as to render man unimpressible to purely spiritual doctrines, and unsusceptible of abstract ideas regarding the Divine and the holy.” We need not enter into this argument—its premises are generally unfounded; certainly, the Moravians have ever felt and acted on the principle that, although charity should begin at home, it must not end there. They have ever devoted themselves to both Home and Foreign Missions; wherever they are, “the poor have the Gospel preached to them.” The centre of every settlement, whether in town or country, is its chapel, and well-appointed, well-

taught boarding and day-school for the young of both sexes; and the possible event of every Moravian's after-life is, that that Brother or Sister may be called to become a Missionary abroad.

It is somewhat remarkable that the Missionary spirit, in the first stage of its development, manifested itself among the immigrants from Moravia, the remnants of that reformed Church which rose again from the ashes of the martyr Huss. After three centuries these his followers were to carry his principles into countries whose very existence was unknown when he preached the Gospel in Bohemia.

It is strange, too, but akin with the unquestioning, simple love and self-denial of the Moravian spirit, that the earliest Mission-fields selected were in distant climes, in those days scarcely accessible by journeys hazardous and difficult, and not likely to be attempted by any rival labourer. Leonard Dober and David Nitschmann, who afterwards became the first

Bishop of the renewed Church, were the pioneers. They proceeded, in 1732, to the island of St. Thomas, in the West Indies, to establish a Mission among the negro slaves. In 1733 we find Moravian Missionaries in Greenland, in 1734 in Lapland, among the Samoyedes in 1737, and in 1739 they had already penetrated Palestine and Ethiopia. These (except the two first-named), with Algiers, Ceylon, China, Persia, and the mountains of the Caucasus, are now all abandoned Mission-fields, as well as those in Guinea, Abyssinia, Tranquebar, and among the Calmucks. Although the brethren were obliged to relinquish them, it was not without long-continued effort, extending in some places to half a century, and among the Calmucks to eighty years.

Their existing Missions are still numerous and widespread, including Surinam, the Mosquito coast, the English and Danish West Indies, the Indian territories of the far West, and of Canada ;

Labrador and Greenland. In the Eastern hemisphere, they flourish at the Cape of Good Hope, and in Australia, and three or four enterprising men have for years been endeavouring to form a nest for Christianity on the Himalayan heights, bounding Thibet and Mongolia. After nearly thirty-five years' labour in this last far-off region, cut off from all civilized life and associations, high amid the snow-peaks, every step in their work a source of infinite trouble and dispute with the bigoted Llamas, souls added to the Church may be numbered by tens! How different to the experience of the Madagascar missionaries! Yet surely that Word of our Lord may be taken to heart by such as these—"There shall be joy among the angels in heaven over *one* sinner that repenteth."

The instructions given by the Elders to their Missionary brethren have ever been "that they should silently observe whether any of the heathen had been prepared by the grace of God to receive and believe the

Word of Life. If even only one were to be found, then they should preach the Gospel to him ; for God must give to the heathen ears to hear the Gospel, and hearts to receive it, otherwise all their labours upon them would be in vain. They were to preach chiefly to such as had never heard of the Gospel—not to build upon foundations laid by others ; not to disturb their work, but to seek the out-cast and the forsaken.”

The manner in which the Mission work of the Moravian Church is supported is a matter of interest and importance. The sources of revenue upon which the Missions depend are the usual ones of annual contributions and donations, legacies and their interest ; but lastly, not least, one principal aid consists in the fact that the Missions themselves contribute largely to their own support, some of them being entirely self-sustaining. Were it not so, the extensive work which is going on in foreign countries would have to be cur-

tailed at once. A large sum is annually raised by the Missions—partly by the voluntary contributions of the converts, especially in the West Indies, and partly from the profits of mercantile concerns and trades carried on in some of the Mission provinces, especially Surinam, South Africa, and Labrador. Many Missionaries, like the tent-maker Paul, are not ashamed to aid the cause by the labour of their hands: most of them receive no fixed salary while in the service, but “a decent and comfortable support,” besides which they have a right to have their children educated at the expense of the Church, and they may look to a pension when sickness or old age shall overtake them.

The doctrines of the Moravian Church accord, as we have said, with those of other evangelical Churches; they were concisely declared as follows at a General Synod held in 1775:—

“The chief doctrine, to which the Church of the Brethren adheres, and which we

must preserve as an invaluable treasure committed unto us, is this: that, by the sacrifice for sin made by Jesus Christ, and by that alone, grace and deliverance from sin are to be obtained for all mankind.

“We will, therefore, without lessening the importance of any other article of the Christian faith, stedfastly maintain the following five points:

“1. The doctrine of the universal depravity of man; that there is no health in man, and that, since the Fall, he has no power whatever left to help himself.

“2. The doctrine of the divinity of Christ; that God, the Creator of all things, was manifest in the flesh, and reconciled us to Himself; that He is before all things, and that by Him all things consist.

“3. The doctrine of the atonement and satisfaction made for us by Jesus Christ; that He was delivered for our offences, and raised again for our justification; and that, by His merits alone, we receive freely

the forgiveness of sin, and sanctification in soul and body.

“4. The doctrine of the Holy Spirit, and the operations of His grace; that it is He who worketh in us conviction of sin, faith in Jesus, and pureness in heart.

“5. The doctrine of the fruits of faith; that faith must evidence itself by willing obedience to the commandments of God, from love and gratitude to Him.

“The more these Divine truths are impugned in our day, the more careful will we be to maintain them, and see to it, that they be duly acknowledged, declared, and believed among us, that we may know the only-begotten Son of God as our Redeemer, His Father as our Father, and the Holy Ghost as our Teacher, Guide, and Comforter. Thus we shall secure our own salvation, and fulfil the calling we have received of God.”

These great rudiments of the Christian faith the Moravian Missionary presents, in plain and simple language, to his heathen

audience. He insists on original sin in all men, and then tells, without delay, of the gracious, wondrous atonement by the blood of Christ. This once comprehended and accepted, all further teaching is easy.

The poverty of the early pioneers of the Church, and the desire to spare all surplus funds for the work of Missions, rendered superfluous and impossible all ornaments of the sanctuary.

The church at Herrnhut possessed no pulpit, no cushioned seats, no columns, no drapery, nor decorative architecture; nothing but whitewashed walls, deal benches, and a simple table, raised upon a daïs, for the performance of all religious exercises. And attached by custom and long habit to this primitive style, the little sister congregations scattered throughout the world have all imitated and, with little deviation, adhered to the early model.

The church services are frequent but short. The earliest on Sunday is a litany, much like our own, which is sung and

said. Extempore prayer is practised; but there are special forms for the baptismal, burial, and marriage services, as also a simple ritual for the Lord's Supper, which is always choral, and preceded by a love-feast, the ancient agape. Every festival is celebrated by its love-feast, simply and reverently partaken of in the church, whilst the congregation join in singing a selection of verses from the large collection of Moravian hymns, probably the most beautiful existing; or the choir uplifts some glorious anthem, with such a sweetness, fulness, and Hallelujah strain, as none who have not heard it can imagine.

In the ministry, there are the three grades of Bishops, Presbyters, and Deacons. The Bishops have no See, nor special authority as such. They ordain and have of right a seat and vote at the Synods, and usually occupy some post of responsibility. The ministers' salaries are raised by the respective congregations, and, in their old age, they, and their widows

afterwards, are allowed a small retiring pension.

The administration of affairs in the intervals between the General Synods (which consist of representative elders, and nine delegates from each of the three provinces, Germany, Great Britain, and North America) is committed to the "Unity's Elders' Conference," composed of Bishops and lay Elders. The official duties of this Board are, to preserve sound doctrine in the Church, to hold occasional visitations, and maintain an uninterrupted correspondence with all the congregations, societies, and Missions; to appoint ministers and other labourers, to supply vacant offices, and to determine on the formation of new congregations and Missionary settlements, or the relinquishing of old ones. The general inspection of the schools and of the finances of the Unity, and the direction of whatever belongs to the interests of the Church in spirituals and temporals, also devolves on this Board. Subject to

it, each congregation is placed under the immediate supervision of a local Elders' Conference, chosen from its own members.

These "Congregations" may sometimes be found, as in London, scattered throughout a town, but more generally collected in a certain quarter of it, and, more frequently still, forming a "Settlement" or Moravian village,\* inhabited solely by members of the Brethren's Church. Such a little settlement, with its rustic roof-tops nestled amid the woods and mountains, forms a lovely picture of peace, and purity, and repose. Faith, simple, unquestioning faith, and the love begotten of faith, are the ruling principle in the heart of a Moravian, and it does make itself felt in him and the calm of his surroundings. In the centre of the village is the square, or green, with its limpid fountain playing a ceaseless lullaby; on one side the neat chapel with its little belfry, and some

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\* See "*Moravian Life in the Black Forest.*"

luxuriant creeper, its sole adornment, with dwellings for the minister and warden adjoining it. Opposite is the Moravian inn for the accommodation of travellers, where the poor never beg in vain. On the other two sides are schools for boys and girls and the "choir houses" of the single Brethren, single Sisters, and widows. Picturesquely grouped about this centre are the family dwellings of the place. No idlers standing at the doors, no gossipers about the well—all are busy and industrious. The inhabitants, whether married or single, follow their various occupations on their own account. The Brethren and Sisters in the choir-houses have their own pursuits, industrial or otherwise, and receive the whole of their earnings, a very moderate charge being made for board and lodging. The superintendence of each choir-house is committed to two elders: in the Sisters' house these are females—one, the *Pflegerin*, having the spiritual charge of the family, the other, the *Vor-*

*steherin*, attending to the domestic and external concerns. There is nothing of monasticism in these Brotherhoods and Sisterhoods; the inmates come and go at their pleasure, mingle in society, and are at liberty to marry when they will.

The mention of marriage brings us once more to the subject of the "Lot," and the frequent, almost universal, misconception of its use. Taking as a precedent the practice of the Apostles (Acts i. 23-26), the Lot was first employed by the Moravians, in prayerfully selecting the three earliest Elders of the Herrnhut congregation in 1727. It was subsequently continued in the choice of Elders and Bishops, the sending out of Missionaries, and other matters of importance to the Church, in simple, childlike trust that He would not put their confidence to shame who had said, "What things soever ye desire when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them."

It was never to be employed by indi-

viduals, nor by any but the Elders' Conference, or Synod, accompanied, always, by earnest, believing prayer for guidance. And it was to be abolished "whenever a majority of the ministry or people should declare that they have no longer confidence in this mode of determining the Lord's will." The use of the Lot in contracting marriages was abolished, as a rule, many years ago, although it is still occasionally requested by individuals. The mode of proceeding was simply this: "When a man wished to marry, he proposed a woman to the authorities of the Church; or, if he had no proposal to make, left it to them to suggest a woman. The authorities submitted the proposal to the decision of the Lot, and, if it was confirmed, made the woman an offer of marriage in the name of the man, which offer she was at perfect liberty to reject if she thought proper; for the Lot bound the authorities to make the offer, but not the woman to accept it. If she refused, or if the pro-

posal was negatived by the Lot, the man made another; and the authorities never forced any woman upon him against his will. When confidence in this mode of contracting marriages (which had originated in the earnest, anxious desire to secure partners in life, who would, in the fullest sense, be helpmates to them while labourers in the Lord's vineyard) began to wane, the rule was abrogated; but, while it continued, there were far less unhappy marriages among the Brethren than among the same number of people in any other denomination of Christians. This is a well-known and abundantly substantiated fact."

## CHAPTER III.

### THE SETTLEMENT AT HERRNHUT.—ITS CAUSE AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

WHEN the famous carpenter, Christian David, petitioned Count Zinzendorf, in the name of his persecuted brethren of Bohemia and Moravia, for protection, the Count had replied that he would endeavour to find them a suitable place of settlement in Saxony, where they might exercise their religion unmolested, and that in the meantime they might dwell on his estate at Bertholds-dorf. Accordingly ten Moravians, under Christian David's guidance, started for this village, but eventually, as it was deemed more advisable that they should settle at once on some spot all to themselves, the Count's land-steward pointed out to them a tract of wild, un-

used land for that purpose. It lay at the foot of the Hut-berg, or Watch-hill, and was overgrown with briers and brambles. It was boggy, and apparently destitute of water. It looked discouraging enough. Christian David, however, saw that the spot had capabilities; and striking his axe into one of the trees, he exclaimed, "Here hath the sparrow found an house, and the swallow a nest for herself, even thine altars, O Lord of Hosts!" His companions took courage from his example, and cheerfully began to build their settlement. Thus was the since famous Herrnhut founded. The Count's grandmother sent the settlers a cow, that their children might not want milk. The first tree was felled on June 17th, 1722, and on October 1st they entered their first house. The steward, in writing of it to his master, said, "May God bless the work, and grant that your excellency may build a city on the Watch-hill (Hut-berg) which shall not only stand under the Lord's guardianship, but where all the

inhabitants may stand upon the ' Watch of the Lord ' ! (Herrn-hut)." Hence the well-known name of the settlement.

The settlers soon found themselves so comfortable, that they induced numbers of their friends and relatives to join them. Count Zinzendorf, fearful that this might give offence to government, assured the Bishop of Olmütz that he had only invited a few families to emigrate. The Bishop replied that no notice would be taken of those who emigrated quietly, but that if they stirred up others to do so, they must take the consequences. Disputes soon sprang up among the new settlers, both concerning doctrine and discipline, which it required all the young Count's judgment to quell. He eventually formed them into a Church based on their own ancient laws and discipline, he himself for a time becoming their director. He ever afterwards called the day on which these differences were settled, "The Critical Day," because it was then decided whether Herrn-

hut should be a mere nest of sects, or a living congregation of Christ.

So many persons flocked to Herrnhut to enjoy the free exercise of their faith, that the Saxon Government interfered, and shortly afterwards banished the Count, who was now an ordained minister. On this he quitted Herrnhut, and for some years travelled about with a company of Brethren, etc., the so-called "Pilgrim Church," visiting the several congregations which by degrees formed themselves in various places and in various countries, after the fashion of that at Herrnhut. He came to England, went twice to America, and after a varied course of usefulness under persecution, returned to England, and took up his abode for a time at Lindsay House, Chelsea, the old palace of the Duchess of Mazarin.

Meanwhile, several of the Moravians at Herrnhut had gone to Greenland and the West Indies as missionaries. The missionary spirit increased among them,

and many went abroad to preach the Gospel in other lands.

Their lives were pure and simple, their piety fervent. They started with a thaler or two in their pockets, a bundle in their hands, and worked for their daily bread. The famous Wesley fell in with a party of them in his early life, on board a ship bound for America, where they were going to preach the Gospel in Georgia; and their teaching and example powerfully influenced him in his subsequent career.

Some of their practices were peculiar, as will be found in the following pages. Yet the Moravians are a Church—not a sect. Archbishop Potter pronounced them to be a Church within a Church in 1737, and this must have been important to the Brethren in those times when they were so generally misunderstood and even slandered. They were again recognised as a Church by the English Parliament in 1749, on which occasion the Bishop of Worcester declared that it would be a subject of rejoicing, not

only to him and the whole bench, but to the entire Protestant Church, should the British nation declare itself favourable to it; for whatever it might do for this ancient Church must encourage every evangelical Christian to hope the best from England.

The Moravians are very fond of music and of the finest kind, in their religious services; and the voice of song is continually heard in their dwellings on every little domestic festival: while the festivals of the Church are proclaimed from the church tower by the solemn sounding of trumpets.

Their hymn-book (the English version of which James Montgomery spent ten years in revising) is one of the most beautiful and extensive collections of religious poetry in existence. There are aged persons who have learnt by heart nearly the whole collection, which numbers upwards of two thousand hymns. The children begin at an early age to commit them to memory.

One of their sweetest services is the "Singing-hour," a very early institution amongst them, which is held twice a week. The assembled congregation sings one after another of their beautiful melodies, the minister leading, and choosing such verses as illustrate some given subject, expressed, perhaps, in a text read at the commencement of the service. The young people enjoy this especially, and their being permitted to attend is a great incentive to them to learn the hymns, which form part of their daily tasks.

The Moravians have many large and important schools, for girls as well as boys; and foreigners are often included among the pupils, owing to the excellent education and kind treatment they receive. One of these establishments is at Neuwied, on the banks of the Rhine; another is at Königsfeld in the Black Forest, and there are many more—from Zeyst, in Holland, and Christianfeld, in Schleswig Holstein, in the North, to Montmirail on the borders

of Neuchâtel and Prangins, on the Lake of Geneva, in the South.\* I have enjoyed the privilege of being a pupil at two of these schools, and no one who has not had that advantage can be aware of the happiness existing in them. The friendly feeling between the teachers and their scholars is of an exceptional character. The irksomeness of lessons is, as far as possible, removed, even for the youngest, by the bright and interesting manner in which instruction is imparted. The holidays are made truly enjoyable. There are frequent little treats—simple, homely festivals, 'tis true, but such as aid to prevent monotony, and occasionally perhaps to divert the regrets of a young home-sick heart. Two or three girls or boys will club together to give their birthday party; or an excursion is made amongst the mountains; or an afternoon is spent in the neighbouring forest, gathering strawberries, raspberries, and bilberries, in haunts where one might

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\* As well as several in England.

expect to find the queen of the fairies asleep. Delicious occasions those, when we carried with us our *Vesper* of bread and butter, or other simple fare, to eat in the woods beneath the shade of lofty trees, while we filled our light baskets with ripe berries, or gathered heather and blue-bells, or the fantastic snake-moss, to weave into garlands for our hats.

These forests are not like our English woods, nor like that through which rode Una and the Red Cross Knight, wherein they admired

“The vine-prop elm ; the poplar, never dry ;  
The builder oak, sole king of forests all ;  
The aspen, good for staves ; the cypress, funeral.”

They are vast, dense forests of fir-trees—nothing but fir—which at a distance give that sombre hue to the landscape that has gained for it the name of the Black Forest. But they are not sombre when you are among them ; there are beautiful moss-grown forest-paths, which run along by the side of gurgling brooks, sparkling

in the rays of a sun that shines forth from a sky of deeper, purer blue than is ever seen in England. Embosomed in these vast woods lies peaceful little Königsfeld, its white houses and red-tiled roofs forming a striking contrast to the dark green firs; and the gable end of one of these white houses, which we could distinguish at any distance to which our rambles extended, was that of the Sisters' house, or Schwesternhaus, a massive, steep-roofed building, eleven windows wide, with two stories above the basement, and two more in the roof—a double flight of steps leading to the door.

What a delight it was, school-days gone by, to visit the little settlement again!

## CHAPTER IV.

### KÖNIGSFELD REVISITED.

AT Donaueschingen I had been met by Pauline with the carriage I had written for.

It was past midnight ere we reached Königsfeld ; the moon, just in the third quarter, had risen clear and bright above the dark forest horizon some two hours before, and had already sped some way along its star-besprent path, when Pauline, rubbing a little clear space in the middle of the steamy window glass, looked out and announced our approach. I strained my sleepy eyes for a first view of the dear little place, but they felt, as it were, full of sand, and I leaned back in my corner to await our arrival.

Good "Papa Furter," the beloved and respected old host of the Gemein-Logis—the Moravian inn—was sitting up for us, with strong hot tea in readiness. I took a cup while he walked across to the Sisters' house with Pauline, now become a teacher, and then gladly permitted him to light me to my room.

The next morning I made a long round of visits amongst my old friends, who received me with indescribable warmth and affection. Several invitations followed, amongst them one from Pauline to her birthday coffee-drinking, at which the inspector and inspectress of the school, most of the teachers, and one or two other friends were present, besides all the children of the room superintended by Pauline—a nice little set of the youngest.

When these had demolished their very liberal portions of cake, they fell to playing "Herren und Damen," a favourite game.

"How girls love a little romance!"

remarked the inspector, as we watched the mirthful set. "If you observe closely, you will find it lies at the foundation, or in the signification of almost every social game they play."

Sunday was bright and sunshiny, the services very enjoyable: at half-past eight the Litany, at ten the sermon, and at half-past seven an exposition of some chapters of Scripture.

At half-past five there was a baptism. The child was called Lydia Charlotte. When a hymn had been sung, the venerable pastor gave a short address on the subject of Baptism, and then the Baptismal Liturgy was said and sung. In this Liturgy three questions are put to the children of the congregation,—

"What is baptism?"

"Can children partake of this grace?"

"On what is this hope founded?"

To which last the children reply,—

"On Christ's words, 'Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid

them not.'” Upon which the infant is brought in by a Sister appointed to do so, and given to the father, who holds it at the desk during the remainder of the service. The minister raises the simple metal jug from the basin which has been placed before him, and pours water three times on the heart of the child, with the words, “I baptize thee, N. M., into the death of Jesus, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Here the minister, the godfathers and the godmothers, together lay their hands on the child, and the service proceeds. At its conclusion the minister lays his hand on the child’s head, and says, “The Lord bless thee, and keep thee: the Lord make His face to shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee: the Lord lift up His countenance upon thee, and give thee peace.”

The German babies being laid upon small pillows, and trimly packed up, the edges of the cushion tied together down

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the front with pink bows and lace, the only sign of an animated object is a tiny head with a little red face reposing at one end of it.

## CHAPTER V.

### THE FEAST OF POTATOES.

DURING this visit to Königsfeld, I received an invitation, as an old pupil, to be a guest at the Feast of Potatoes, which is an annual institution of the schools there. First the boys' school celebrates it, and then the girls follow suit, the reason for this sequence being that the boys are the builders of the open-air ovens, of which the girls afterwards have the use.

On the occasion in question, it was the boys who were going out, and I had already seen a huge basket of potatoes, together with an immense coffee-kettle and several frying-pans, carried off in a light cart towards the playground in the forest.

At half-past one the beating of drums called me to the windows of my room in

the *Gemein-logis*. The boys were marching round the "Platz" in military order, headed by a Brother bearing the Bavarian flag, a white star on an azure field. Their uniform was simply a brown holland jacket and trousers, a belt and sword, or something to resemble one. All sorts of things, including pancakes, were cooked on the ground, but the cooks were chiefly the good Sisters; for the boys in general seemed to think more of their military manœuvres than of their culinary duties, although some of them proved themselves no mean cooks, after all.

As I write, a vivid picture comes to my mind of my first experience of this pleasant holiday-making. We had had our French lesson as usual that morning, and had not thought of the festival till we heard the Inspector's step in the corridor; and then his voice in the teachers' room. When the class was over, a murmur went round that the treat would take place in the afternoon. Still the lessons

went on quietly till eleven, at which hour the Bible class ended; and then the inspector informed us of the plan, and added that, in order to give us time for our preparations, the lessons were concluded. This was the signal for a general rejoicing, and I fear we did not set our stools under the table very quietly, or in very good order.

Business commenced with our converting our dinner-napkins into cooking-aprons; and then there was a general muster of cooking utensils. At one o'clock the procession left the house; some carried baskets of plates and cups; others, coffee and milk-jugs; some came with stewing and frying-pans. I had a great basin of flour and eggs to convey to the scene of action. Then there was an enormous basket of potatoes to carry; a large supply of rolls, butter, sugar, apples, plums, spice, wine, coffee, and a great pan of dough.

Some provided themselves with chocolate and almonds on their own account.

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Six teachers went with us. We all wore white aprons and neat little white neckerchiefs. When we reached the playground in the forest, we divided the ovens among us, one to each party of eight or nine; and near each oven was set up a temporary bench and table. Elfride, Julie, Emma, Auguste, Mathilde, Anna, Marguerite, and I formed one of these parties, and, in our own opinions, cooked famously, with a little assistance from the inspector's servant, with whose aid we made pancakes, fritters with sauce, apple-fritters, *gold-schnitten* (*i.e.* light bread fried in batter, and eaten with sugar and cinnamon) stewed apples, stewed plums, baked potatoes, etc. At other stoves, other varieties of dishes were dressed; and the first of each variety was offered to the teachers and visitors. There were the inspector and inspectress, the doctor, his wife and children, the pastor's wife, and others; and for all these grandees we spread a fair white cloth under a shady tree, where

they seemed to enjoy what we brought them. Some of the teachers were very busy in assisting us, especially Sister K., who made delicious gophers. The coffee, milk, and potatoes were all boiled for us at a large central stove, and liberally dispensed with rolls, till each had partaken and was sufficed.

Various games succeeded the feast; and we merrily returned from the forest at half-past seven.

As may be imagined, we did not want any supper, but were tired enough to go to bed early; and thus ended the Feast of Potatoes.

## CHAPTER VI.

### CONSECRATION OF THE NEW SCHOOL.

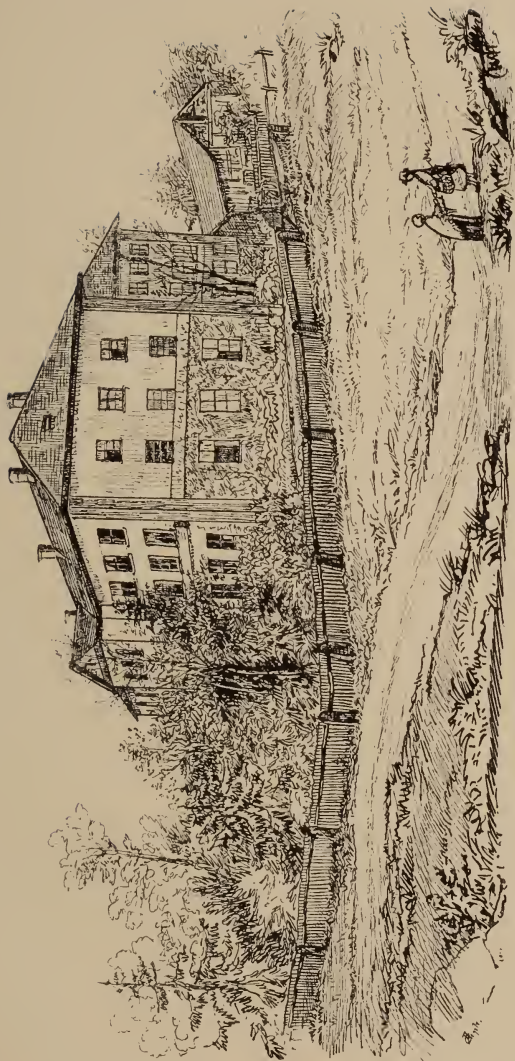
ONE morning Pauline came over quite out of breath with haste and business, to bring me an invitation from the *Frau Inspectorin* to be present at the consecration of the new Girls' School.

"There will be a prayer and address both in the old and new premises," said she, putting into my hand a list of the hymns to be sung, "when the children and teachers leave their present quarters in the Sisters' House, and when they enter the beautiful building lately finished for them."

At the appointed hour I went over to the Sisters' House, where I found a number of guests already assembled to hear the parting address, in which the Herr Inspector mentioned that the school had

been held there for fifty-three years, and five hundred scholars had been brought up in it by seventy different teachers. He thanked the Sisters for all the love and friendliness shown by them to their young inmates through so long a series of years ; above all, thanking God for the great mercies experienced during that time, in which the school had increased from the small beginning of six to so many that a separate dwelling-place had been found necessary.

The address was followed by some hymns, and a prayer for a blessing on those remaining, as well as on those leaving the house. Then the pupils, accompanied by their teachers, and preceded by the inspector and inspectress, the clergyman and his wife, and other members of the "Conference," or Heads of Houses, walked two and two in procession to the new building, where they were received by a blast of trumpets, playing Luther's glorious hymn, "Nun danket Alle Gott."



THE NEW SCHOOL.



All having assembled in the dining-hall, Brother W., the Pastor, spoke on the texts for the day,—Psalm xxvii. 5, and Luke x. 2; after which followed the prayer of consecration. Then the inspector also prayed for the Divine blessing upon the house, and its present and future inhabitants. The proceedings concluded with some hymns, when the Sisters and other visitors dispersed, leaving the children and their teachers to take possession.

At noon a festive banquet was served, to which all the members of the Conference were invited, and at four o'clock some sacred pieces were performed in the *saal* by the choir and a few of the pupils. The chief things sung were Haydn's "Te Deum," Handel's "Gehet zu seinen Thoren ein," Hauptmann's "Cantate," with the text taken from "Solomon's prayer at the dedication of the temple," and a piece composed by one of the masters, set to the words, "Holy is God the Lord," in which

a duet occurred, sung very sweetly by two of the younger children.

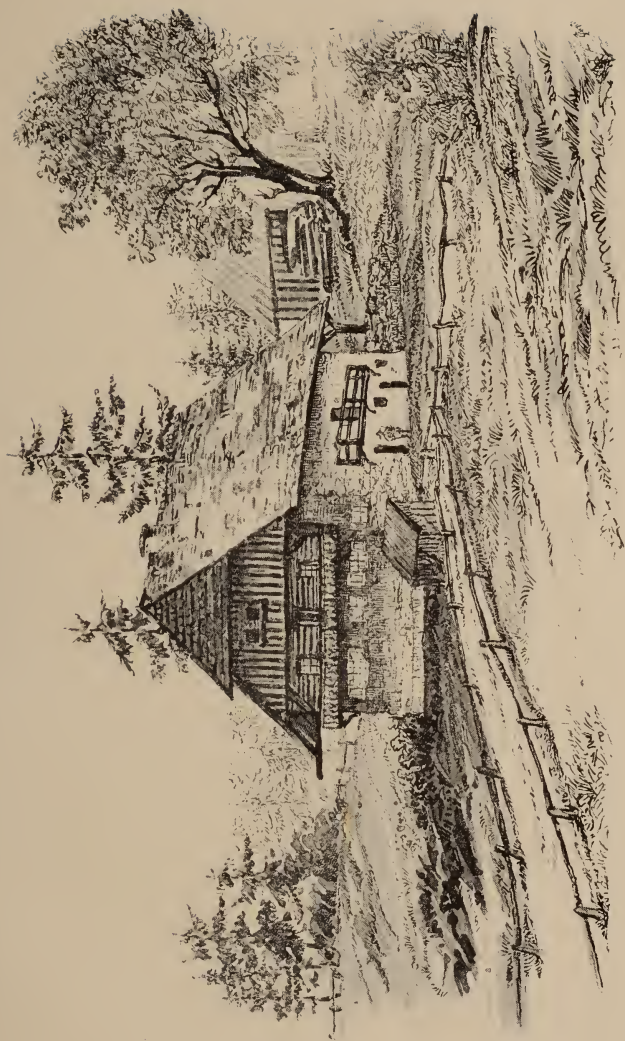
When the ceremony was over, I went round to see the rooms, which were all very neatly papered and painted, but still in a little confusion. A few days' holiday were to be given to allow time for putting things in order. In every window stood a vase of flowers, an attention from some of the Sisters, who had, besides, garlanded and festooned the entrances to the house with evergreen and fir.

In the evening a tea was given to the pupils and day boarders, and a general invitation was issued to all old pupils to be present.

"What are you going to do with yourself to-morrow?" asked old Sister B., as I wished her good-night after church that day. "Will you take a drive with me to Stockburg, if you have no better engagement?"

"Thank you," I said; "with pleasure."

And the morrow dawned so bright that I quite enjoyed the idea; which, however,



STOCKBURG.



was not to be realized, as all the open carriages happened to be engaged.

“ I am very sorry,” said Sister B., as she acquainted me with the disappointing fact; “ but we will not lose the lovely afternoon. If agreeable to you, after coffee, I will take you to one of my favourite points of view.”

And so we went. It was a good long walk, skirting the Doniswald, past a couple of solitary farmhouses, through some fields and a wood, till we came out upon a piece of open tableland. We walked to the edge of this, and thence on a sudden I beheld before me a picture that did credit to Sister B.’s artist’s eye, and fully rewarded me for the length of the road. Down below was a narrow wooded glen, the “ Foxes’ hole,” which, from the foreshortened aspect in which we viewed it, looked like a little forest-clad amphitheatre, embedded in upland meadows and pastures. The glen, and the picturesque villages on the slopes above, lay in bright sunlight,

the dark chain of the *Rauhe Alp* half shrouded in haze, but with sharply defined ridge, contrasted well with the green undulations that formed the immediate background of the wild, wooded "*Fuchs loch*"; and a quaint Black Forest dwelling, with deep roof and roughly carved gallery, made a suitable foreground. We were neither of us in haste to retrace our steps. When we again passed the foremost of the lonely farmhouses, two chubby-faced children were seated on the doorstep of one, the girl with a little white night-cap on. The mother stood scouring her brass-lined kitchen utensils by the well at the back, and in a field close by sat a maiden, watching a couple of cows.

Sister B. pointed to a number of tree roots that lay about in the Doniswald, and told me how that, in the terrible storm of 1859, which scarcely lasted more than seven minutes, a hundred and sixty of the so-called *Holländer*, the largest and tallest trees in the forest, which are sent to Hol-

land for ship-masts and ship-building, were torn up by the roots, while innumerable smaller stems were snapped asunder like corn-stalks—a terrible loss of property to the owners.

“ We shall none of us who witnessed it forget that storm,” she continued. “ It was more like a tropical hurricane than anything else.”

“ Were you alarmed ? ” I asked.

“ Yes, indeed,” she said ; “ but I almost forgot my alarm in a deep sense of thankfulness. I had been spending the afternoon with a party of Sisters at the old castle farm, and had returned a little sooner than we intended, warned, by the sultriness of the air and heaviness of the atmosphere, of an approaching thunder-storm. We had but *just* reached the Sisters’ House when the crash came, which tore shutters off their hinges, dashed out windows, and rent the strongest forest trees. It was my turn to conduct the early ‘ Morgen Segen ’ in our prayer-hall

next day, and you may imagine what kind of verses I chose, and the feeling with which they were sung."

I could, indeed, good old Sister B.

We walked on for a few minutes in silence; my thoughts had recurred to the ninety-first Psalm. I do not know what course my companion's had taken, but she presently began to tell me of a long and serious illness she had had two summers ago.

"I did not think then I should ever walk so far again as I have done now; indeed, I sometimes thought I should never rise from my bed at all," she said. "However, it pleased God to restore me after a time, and in the autumn I went to Türkheim, near Manheim, to undergo a 'grape-cure.'"

"Oh," I exclaimed, "do tell me all about that! I have often wondered how the grape-cure is managed. What diseases is it considered good for? Consumptive cases, I think I have heard?"

“Well,” said Sister B., “it is recommended when the blood is in a poor state—to change it. The patient begins upon a couple of pounds of grapes a day, and the portion is gradually increased to six.”

“Six pounds!” I exclaimed. “Why, you cannot eat anything else then, I should think.”

“A little bread and a cup of coffee in the morning, and a basin of soup for dinner and supper, with a little roast meat for those whose appetites desire it, is the diet,” returned Sister B. “But I found the grapes so satisfying that I never wanted the latter, and yet I grew quite strong, and enjoyed the long walks I was ordered to take.”

“You ate the six pounds at different times of the day, of course?” I inquired.

“One pound before breakfast, and one after; and in the course of the afternoon three more,” she replied. “The skins were not to be swallowed, but the stones were recommended as a wholesome purifier

of the blood. And now here we are at home once more, and you must come in to the Sisters' House and have a glass of Klingelberger after your long walk, and perhaps I can offer you some grapes too, though not quite a day's portion of six pounds."

## CHAPTER VII.

### THE SCHWESTERN-HAUS (SISTERS' HOUSE) AND SCHOOL.

WERE you to come to the Sisters' House and open the door, a bell would ring, and a Sister would look from the "Economy-room," through a little window in the wall, and if you were a stranger, alone, would come out to inquire what you wanted. On your expressing a wish to see the superintendent she would lead you to the left, past the "Economy" or Housekeeper's room and kitchen, to the end of the broad stone corridor, and show you into Sister Z.'s room—a pretty, light apartment, with a few pictures and her family arms on the walls, a fine fuchsia and other flowers in the windows. There is no carpet on the spotless floor, but the chairs are cushioned; and there is a sofa, with a small table be-

fore it ; another small table in one window with her canary on it ; and Sister Z. herself is sitting before a large bureau, writing or making up accounts.

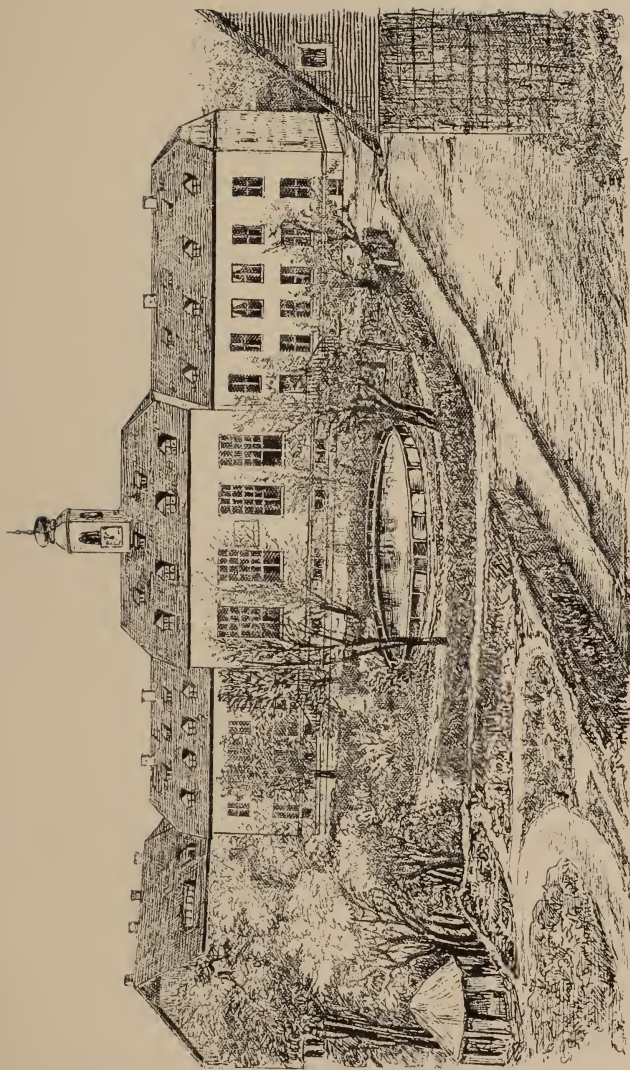
On her quietly looking up, her countenance would strike you as having something of grave severity in it ; but on her rising and coming forward to receive you, the features would light up with a smile which has a peculiar fascination in it, and you could not fail to remark the whiteness and regularity of her teeth, the chiselled, aristocratic form of the nose, and the brightness of her grey eyes. You would call her interesting, rather than pretty or handsome, and the whole look of mingled firmness and kindness would be attractive to you. She is in middle life, neither young nor old, and you would probably see her in a silver-grey woollen poplin dress, which becomes her well, though I do not mean that she always wears such sober colours. She speaks very distinctly, is prompt in all her movements, and should

you express a wish to see the wool or the fancy-work sold for the benefit of the Sisters' House or the Missions, she would take a labelled key from the row by the stove, lead you into a room, where she would open cupboard and drawers, and display all the pretty knitting and netting and embroidery for which the Moravians are so famous. Such, in brief, was Sister Z.—a little of her. She might then take you to visit Sister X. She is some years younger than Sister Z., more tranquil in her movements, and very sweet-looking. Her hair is dark, and her eyes of a soft brown. Her gentle demeanour, which yet has sufficient firmness, well fits her for her office, which is the spiritual direction of the unmarried Sisters. It is impossible not to love and respect Sister X.

You would perhaps go to the cow-house, to see the fine fat cows, and then to the pig-stye. In this part of the world they keep the pigs much shut up, and allow them but little light. Then you might peep into

the hen-coops, climb into the hayloft, visit the laundry, and the bakehouse, where delicious cakes and bread of various kinds and shapes are being baked. The village, or, more properly speaking, "settlement," is exclusively inhabited by Moravians. Besides its family dwellings, a settlement comprises a chapel, an unmarried Brethren's house, an unmarried Sisters' house, a widows' house, school-houses for boys and girls, a shop, or store, and an inn.

In the centre of the settlement is usually a square green, planted round with trees, in the midst perhaps a basin, with a fountain throwing its silvery column up into the air. In looking from a window of the Sisters' House, you see the boys' school across the green, with the inspector's house adjoining; to the right, the inn, a house where the infant school is held, and one or two family dwelling-houses. Opposite to these is the church, with a house adjoining on the right for the pastor's family; and on the left for that of the war-



THE CENTRE OF THE SETTLEMENT.



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den or superintendent of the secular affairs of the community. You see a little bit—though the church almost hides it from your view—of a large house with green shutters to all the windows, inhabited by the wealthiest resident of the place. If we were now to quit the Sisters' House, and cross the square, or "place," as it is called, and turn up by the inn, we should find ourselves in a street of two or three little houses, prettily overgrown with evergreens and creepers, and should soon be on the high road, with fields on either side, stretching away to the skirts of the forest. Were we to return and walk on past the infants' school, we should come to another short street leading to the nearest post-town. Then we might pass the church and the big house, and descend a picturesque slope towards the forest, which also forms a modest street. This was, until recent years, all the village. Most of the houses are white, with steep red roofs, and the effect of the whole is pretty,

especially when seen at a little distance, embosomed, as it were, in the forest.

To return to the Sisters' House. Ascending its steps, and entering the door, you now notice the large hall, on either side of which stands a long bench, with arms and back, for fruit-sellers and pedlars to rest on; or for the poor, who take their station there, hoping to receive broken victuals, which they always do.

If instead of turning towards Sister Z.'s quarters on the left, you turned to the right, on quitting the entrance, you would pass the dining-hall and some other rooms, opposite to one of which is the sick-room. If desirous of going over the house, a Sister would accompany you, and show you the dining-hall — a large room, with long benches and tables round three sides of it. She would take you to the girls' room, where Moravian children who have left school, and daughters of persons in the neighbourhood, dwell, under the care of two superintendents, chiefly employing their

time in plain and fancy work. This is a very motley assemblage, some being very well off, others quite dependent on their exertions.

In the Sisters' room, at the other end of the corridor, you would find several young Sisters (ten or fourteen belong to a room, more or less) engaged in fancy-work, plain-work, hair-work, knitting, etc., while others would be actively occupied about the house. You might then be led up the broad staircase to the *chor-saal*, or prayer-hall, which is very light and spacious. Opposite the folding doors is a small table, with a chair behind it—the seat and desk of the officiating Sister; in front of which, and extending almost the whole length of the hall, are four or five rows of benches with backs, for the Sisters at early morning prayers. The school has morning prayers with the teachers in one of the school-rooms. The windows of this hall are hung with white curtains; bright brass brackets project from the wall to hold the candles when wanted; and at one end is a

semi-grand pianoforte. There are forms, likewise, all round the walls. Adjoining this hall are the rooms occupied by Sister X. Passing these rooms, you find yourself in another long corridor, with more Sisters' rooms opening into it.

Going on to the girls' school, and entering one of the schoolrooms, you would see about sixteen girls round a very long table, sitting at their books on wooden stools, while the teacher would be seated at a little table in one of the three windows. There is no particular furniture in the room, but a piano and bureau, a closet for books and slates, and some specimens of the girls' drawings hang on the walls.

You will perhaps like a peep into the *kammer*, or dressing-room, in which are the wardrobes, and the basins and water for washing hands. Thence you ascend to the dormitories, with the rows of little beds completely covered with snow-white sheets. Then you would return to the lower corridor by another broad staircase leading down opposite the house-door.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### HERRNHUT IN PROSPECT.

“PAULINE,” said I, one afternoon, as we sat together in a rustic arbour of the Stollwald, looking down upon the sawmill in its picturesque dell—“Pauline, I am going to Herrnhut!”

She looked at me with a dubious smile for a moment, then seeing I remained serious, said, questioningly,—

“To Herrnhut? I thought you were going to Neuwied?”

“So I am, but to Herrnhut first; it came into my head all on a sudden.”

“How?”

“When you mentioned that Sister S. was going with ‘Mamma Gambs’ on a visit to her parents there.”

“Ah!” said Pauline, her face brighten-

ing as she perceived, or thought she perceived, the bearing of the subject—"yes, that will be very nice. You will travel with them, and come back when Sister S. does, in three or four weeks' time."

"As far as Frankfort we might travel back together, if agreeable to her; thence I should take the train to Neuwied."

"I wish you would spend the winter here," said Pauline, persuasively.

"It is very tempting, good Pauline, but my relations expect me to spend the winter in England."

"They will long to see you, no doubt," said Pauline, who was always very tender on the subject of relations, the only near relatives she possessed being one brother and sister, and an aged grandmother. She never knew her parents, who both died at a distant mission station in Africa, she herself having been left in the charge of her maternal grandmother at the age of seven months. And she had never seen her sister till about two years before, when

the latter came to assist in the school at Königsfeld.

My elder friends thought with Pauline that my new plan was a "very nice" one, both as regarded the companions I would have on my journey, and the object of it.

"It is but right that you who are so much interested in us and our Church should see Herrnhut, the first and chief of all our settlements," they said.

"I have a book\* here, in which there is a very pretty description of the foundation of its first prayer-hall, said Sister ——," taking a small volume from the shelves. "It is but short: if you will excuse my bad English, I will read it to you.

"On the 12th of May, 1724, a company of about thirty persons were gathered together in a marshy spot, on a declivity by the high road from Löbau to Zittau, in Saxony.

"All around them arose an uncleared forest, tall pines looking old and sombre

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\* "Sketches of Christian Life."

amidst the fresh green of the budding forest trees. On a levelled space amongst the bushes they were laying the foundation of a house.

“ ‘It was a strangely assorted company. A Saxon nobleman and his bride, and a young Swiss baron, with their friends; and on the other side, nine or ten mechanics and peasants, with their families. But the bond which united them was far more real than the distinctions which separated them. The noblemen were the Count von Zinzendorf and the Baron de Watteville, to whom all their property and influence were as nothing, except as a trust for the Master; and the mechanics were men who had suffered imprisonment and loss of all things, and had left country and kindred for the sake of Christ and the gospel.

“ ‘The Count spoke earnestly and affectionately to those present on the object of the building they were about to erect, of the faith which had at once made them exiles and provided them an asylum.

“ ‘Rather,’ he said, ‘than that this building should not tend to promote the glory of Him in whose name it was founded, might fire from heaven consume it!’

“ ‘Before he began to speak, five travellers came along the high-road, wayworn and poorly clad. They stood apart and listened in reverent silence.

“ ‘Then the Baron de Watteville drew off a ring, the last jewel he had retained, and laying it on the foundation stone, knelt there, and prayed aloud.

“ ‘The power of the Holy Ghost overwhelmed every heart as he prayed. When he ceased, the whole of the little band were in tears, and the five strangers, who were also exiles from Moravia for the sake of the faith, came forward, and said,—

“ ‘Surely this is the house of God : here shall our feet rest.’

“ ‘That is a very pretty picture,” I said. “I thought the foundation of Herrnhut was always dated from 1722 ?”

“ True. In that year the first refugees

were received by Count Zinzendorf and lodged on his estate, and so we date the restoration of our church from 1722. Its origin, you know, really dates from the time of the martyrdom of Huss."

"Yes," I returned, "I know, and, after centuries of changeful fate, tribulation, and hidden existence, the light then kindled was to reappear and shine forth in all its original brightness."

"On the minds of the five Moravian exiles before mentioned," continued the Sister, "Baron von Watteville's prayer and the Count's address produced a firm conviction that Herrnhut was the spot where they should settle."

"They had quitted their country, staff in hand, to seek a place of rest for themselves and others who, like them, should resolve to forsake all their possessions in order to enjoy liberty of conscience. Here they had found far more than they had hoped for, and many of their friends eventually joined them, bringing with

them the treasure which had been committed to their keeping, namely, the rites and peculiarities of their ancient Church, its spirit, its blessings, its antiquities, and its promises. The five Brothers who had arrived on the day of the laying of the foundation stone of the large building which was for years after used as a school and prayer-house, and who so powerfully felt the influence of the grace prevailing on that solemn occasion, were the first who reminded the inhabitants of the place of the Church discipline of their ancestors, of the excellency of which they themselves had received an impression from the narratives given by their fathers and grandfathers; they therefore insisted on a revival and introduction of the orders and statutes of their ancient Church.

“ All of them eventually filled important offices in the renewed Church, including David Nitschman, who, however, having returned to Moravia to seek out his relations, was thrown into prison at

Olmütz, where he died in 1729. Of the others, Leonard Dober and David Nitschman, a cousin of the former, were the pioneers of the Moravian Missions to the negroes of the West Indies, namely, in St. Thomas. On March 13th, 1735, David Nitschman was consecrated, in Berlin, a bishop of the dispersed congregations of the Moravian Brethren, by Ernestus Jablonsky, the oldest bishop and senior of the Brethren's unity in Poland, and at the same time chaplain at the Court of Frederick William of Prussia."

"That was how the Moravians carried on the episcopate in the direct line?" I asked.

"It was so," said the Sister.

"The renewal of the ancient Church of the Brethren was the unpremeditated consequence of the building of Herrnhut."

Herrnhut was a theme on which all loved to dilate, and many an anecdote or scrap of historical and topographical information did I glean from my friends in the course of the next few days, which

rendered the settlement doubly interesting to me when at length I saw it.

My time at Königsfeld was becoming limited. Sister S. and I had exchanged calls to discuss the projected journey; "Mamma Gambs" had stopped me at the church door to say how happy they should be of my company, and then came the fixing of the day, and the farewell round of visits.

"You will come again next year?" said the good Sisters, as I wished them good-bye.

"Some day, if I live——"

"Soon it must be, at all events," put in old Sister Bernouilli, "or you will not find *me* any longer here."

"My dear old friend," I said, kissing her, "I trust I shall; but we will leave that to God, and look forward to meeting in heaven, which will be far better."

"Adieu! Pauline, adieu! Write to me soon, and tell me all about yourself and the new school."

## CHAPTER IX.

### HERRNHUT IN REALITY.

THE Indian summer had passed, and for more than a week the weather had been boisterous and cold, and torrents of rain, such as, in Europe, are seldom known, except in mountainous districts, had made the roads like river-beds.

In one of these torrents we drove off. The rain fell fitfully during the greater part of the day, veiling from our eyes the beauties of the lovely valley of the Kinzig. But we were snugly ensconced in the well-cushioned *coupé* of the diligence, and felt as comfortable “as queens,” as Mamma Gambs expressed it.

Indeed, the whole journey, which lasted two days and a half, was as favourable and pleasant as possible: Mamma Gambs was so good-humoured and original, and Sister S. so cheerful and amiable.

I was sorry to pass the Moravian settlement of Neudietendorf by night, and the well-known towns of Leipzig and Dresden so early in the morning as to render it impossible to attempt seeing anything of them.

The first evening of my arrival at Herrnhut I felt dull and lonely enough, and heartily wished myself back in Königsfeld, or already at Neuwied, where I should be again surrounded by old friends, whilst at Herrnhut I had barely one or two. Sister S. had been met at the station by her parents and aunts, and carried straight home, and Mamma Gambs, whose rooms in the *Gemein-logis* were next mine, was holding a perfect *levée*, as I could make out from the repeated taps at her door, and the succeeding hearty kissings and welcomings, all of which seemed to make me feel more desolate still.

However, another four-and-twenty hours greatly changed the aspect of affairs and of my feelings. Mamma Gambs had not forgotten me, but had sent to let my old

Königsfeld friend, Sister Antonie C., know of my arrival, and so, on the morrow the latter came, and very kindly took me to call on several Sisters whose acquaintance she thought I should like to make. One very interesting introduction I had was to an old bishop of the Moravian Church, who had made several visitation tours to the missionary stations at the Cape and in the West Indies. The *Herrshaffts Haus*, where he lived, was nearly opposite the inn. We went over together after dinner,\* and making our way to the good bishop's room through a long passage lined with shelves, filled with an extensive botanical collection, we found him and his wife at their afternoon coffee. They welcomed me cordially, saying they had heard of me yesterday at a tea-party, and soon we were deep in many topics. By-and-

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\* Sister Antonie had dined with me, using the good old Moravian formula, "Eine gesegnete Mahlzeit"—"a blessed meal"—before we sat down, and "Ich wünsche wohl gespeist-zû haben"—"I hope you have dined well"—on rising from table.

by a young daughter came in from giving an English lesson at the school. We sat conversing for more than an hour, when I was forced to take leave, as I was expecting a promised visit from Sister S——t, the mother of the “Pflegerin” at Königsfeld. Her husband was also a bishop. She received me literally with open arms, saying she “felt as though she knew me already.” Her daughter had kindly written to her of my coming. She took me for a walk through the *Herrschafts-garten*, into the *Birken Büschel*, and “Sisters’ Plantation,” whence we had a view of the village of Hennersdorf, where Count Zinzendorf spent his early childhood with his grandmother; and then she made me go up and see her own snug little dwelling in the *Berthelsdorfer Gasse*, where she said she hoped I should often come and see her.

In the evening, Mamma Gambs fetched me to sit with her, and she told me some anecdotes of her residence at Neuwied many

years ago, when her husband was pastor there,\* and about the overflow of the Rhine in 1845, when they were rowed across the street in a boat, from the second storey of their own dwelling to the corresponding storey of the Sisters' House. Next day she introduced me to one of her friends, Sister F., whose husband was missionary in Liffland, and afterwards minister to the community of Sarepta, in Russia.

The Sister kindly offered to show me about the place a little, to which I gladly acceded. We went into the forest to see the spot where Christian David felled the first tree for the foundation of Herrnhut, with the words, "Hier hat der Vogel sein Haus gefunden, und die Schwalbe ihr Nest"—marked by a simple pedestal of hewn granite, encircled by a mossy embankment. Then we wandered on through the wood, admiring the bright autumnal tints of the birch and oak amongst the more predominant dark evergreen of the fir, till

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\* He was also a Bishop of the Moravian Church.

we came to the Petersbach, a little murmuring brooklet, on the banks of which stood a lone hut, where a bleacher's family lives.

In Herrnhut itself there is a very large linen bleachery. The linen manufactured in the neighbouring villages is brought thither, and thence sent to all parts of the world, especially America.

Herrnhut is a very different place from Königsfeld. It is quite a little town of several streets, with nearly a thousand inhabitants, including about two hundred non-Moravians, and there are wealthy merchants and manufacturers amongst the Brethren, who live in large, handsomely furnished houses. Those which I saw were all large and old-fashioned, with immense staircases, and spacious entries and landing-places. One might lose one's self in the Sisters' \* and widows' houses !

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\* For nearly half a century this important choir-house was presided over by the Countess of Einsiedlen, whose estates were contiguous to the village.

On one side the settlement is overlooked by the Hutberg or "Watch Mountain," supposed to have had its name originally from the keeping or watching of sheep. The eminence is surmounted by a little pavilion, commanding a pleasing view of the surrounding country—a panorama of undulating meadows, when I saw them just green with the first tender blades of the early sown rye crop, variegated, in the season, with the blue flax-flower. Here and there a gaily tinted, wooded height relieves the monotony of the broad acres, backed by irregular mountain ridges, branches of the Riesengebirge and Bohemian ranges.

On a slope of the Hutberg lies the Moravian Gottesacker, the smooth walks, and turf, and rows of simple graves overshadowed by a thick canopy of lime-trees, the bare upper branches of which were tinged with a rich maroon. In the four corners and along the sides of this mountain burial-place are bowers of young lime-



HERRNHUT, FROM THE HUTBERG.



trees. Their interwoven branches afford a pleasant shade—a favourite resort of the Brothers and Sisters on summer Sabbath afternoons. In the midst of the even rows of flat stones, eight raised tombs are to be seen crossing the centre of the ground. They mark the graves of the good and noble Count Zinzendorf, his two wives, two of his daughters, his friend and son-in-law, Watteville, and others of the family. All are alike in form, a plain oblong, raised about two feet and a half from the ground, with a little carved scroll-work in the four corners of the upper slab.

The first grave at the entrance is that of Christian David, the pious carpenter from Moravia, who felled the first tree for Herrnhut; further to the left lies Spangenberg, and near him a number of Counts connected with the community in its early days. The first Greenland convert, and a baptized Hottentot boy, and a Tartar, are also buried here. Over the entrance-gate is inscribed in golden char-

acters, "Christus is auferstanden!"—  
 "Christ is risen!"

At three o'clock in the afternoon there was a funeral, and after attending the service in the church, at which the minister read the life of the deceased (a widow, whose only son was a missionary in Africa), concluding with a short, suitable address, I joined the rest of the congregation in singing a hymn before the porch, and then fell in with the procession about to wend its way by the long Linden Allée to the *Gottesacker*.

Here the white pall was removed, and the mahogany-coloured ark-shaped coffin was slowly and reverently lowered into the grave, whilst the assembled Brethren and Sisters sang to the sound of the trumpets the beautiful verse,—

"Nun ihr entschlafnen Glieder  
 So legen wir euch nieder  
 Zu ruhen in der Erd'.  
 Es kommen Zeit und Stunden  
 Da ihr, kraft Seiner Wunden,  
 Ihn sehen und mit ihm leben werd't."

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Which may be thus roughly translated :—

“ Sleeping limbs : we lay you now  
To slumber in the earth.  
But time and hour will shortly come  
When you shall awake,  
To see and live with Him  
Whose blood flowed for your sake.”

A short portion of the Litany was read, the blessing pronounced, another verse sung, and the party slowly left the spot, leaving the aged Sister to her last rest within that calm enclosure where so many eminently pious and good men have been interred.

The following day I drove with Mamma Gambs to Berthelsdorf, where the twelve members of the Unity's Elders' Conference reside with their families. It is a very large village, about a mile from Herrnhut. A long avenue of lime-trees connects the two places. After drinking coffee with our good friends, the C.'s, I went with Antonie to see the prayer-hall and conference room, where the meetings

of the elders take place, for discussing and determining the affairs of the community; indeed, of the whole Moravian Church, over which, under God,\* they preside.

In the centre of the room was a large oval table, with twelve inkstands and twelve quires of white blotting-paper ranged at intervals down the sides. Twelve chairs, covered with green cloth, stood around. A small table near the door serves as desk for the secretary, who attends and makes minutes of the discussions.

The walls are adorned with portraits in oil of several of the most important members of the "renewed" Church of the Brethren, Zinzendorf, Spangenberg, and Nitschmann, with, besides, a full-length portrait of Amos Comenius, the last of the old Bohemian Moravian Bishops.

Both this room and the prayer-hall are in the *Schloss*, or Manor-house, at one time

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\* They style Jesus their "Chief Elder." See Appendix.

inhabited by Count Zinzendorf, and in which he died. In the adjoining out-buildings, eighty cows, the property of the settlement, are kept.

From the castle we went to the village church, the same where, in Herrnhut's early days, Pastor Rothe officiated for the new-comers as well as his own flock, till some misunderstandings brought about a separation. It is, of course, Lutheran. Pulpit and walls were adorned with garlands of moss and artificial flowers, remnants of the harvest festival; a crucifix stood upon the altar, and in a corner leant another, reared upon a long black rod, for carrying in front of the coffin at funerals, according to the Saxon custom. The spire of this church was painted brilliant red and green.

The sun had set, and a faint, rose-coloured background was already fading from behind the little village of Strawwalder, which lay so picturesquely before our friends' windows in the distance, ere

Mamma Gambs and I thought of retracing our steps to Herrnhut.

“Wohin gehen sie denn so früh?”  
“Whither away so early?” cried the good ‘mamma’ the next morning, as she met me in the corridor, bonneted and cloaked, soon after breakfast.

“To old Sister F., in the Sisters’ House,” I replied.

“Gut! Leben sie wohl. Adieu.”

“Leben sie wohl. Au revoir.”

I found the friendly little old Sister sitting at the window of her small apartment, with a pair of old-fashioned, broad-framed tortoiseshell spectacles on, employed in making the fine muslin Sisters’ caps, for which she said she had sometimes had orders from America \* and other parts of the world. She told me she had earned her living by this work for years. It must be somewhat monotonous, but she

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\* The cap, or “Gemein-Haube,” has been laid aside in America; and in Germany it is no longer constantly used, as formerly.

seemed very cheerful and happy over it. The walls of her tiny room were adorned with engravings and woodcuts of a variety of settlements, in black frames, and one or two portraits of old Moravian pastors. Over the door hung a bright-coloured print, representing Jacob striving with the angel. In a recess stood her bed, hidden by a screen covered with a dark paper.

After chatting a little, while she deftly finished the troublesome back seam which joins the two rounded halves of the cap, she offered to show me over the house, which is inhabited by more than a hundred Sisters, besides the pupils of the boarding school.\* It is, of course, essentially very similar to that at Königsfeld, only considerably larger; and the old prayer-hall, built more than a hundred and thirty years ago, is peculiar from its length and narrowness, and the arched roof, which

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\* A separated building is about to be occupied by the latter.

gives it the appearance of a great cavern. There is an immense dormitory for all the Sisters, except the few who have private rooms, like my old friend. Before leaving, I went into the "Verkauf," or sale-room, where the fancy works made by the Sisters are sold, and there made some purchases.

My next visit was to the Widows' House, where I was very pleasantly received by the two Superintendent Sisters, both of whom had passed many years of their lives as the wives of missionaries in the West Indies. The one was born at Tranquebar, in India, at the little station called Brüter Garten, founded by the Moravians, in the year 1760, at the instigation of the then reigning King of Denmark, who partially supported it. The pious, self-denying Brethren had to maintain themselves by the labour of their hands, and for a long period lived upon little but rice and milk. Numbers died, but they would not give in, until some forty years of fruitless

efforts amongst the surrounding heathen showed them that they ought to do so.

Some years ago this truly missionary people again tried to gain a footing in Asia, the only quarter of the globe where they had not representatives. And at this moment there are three or four families, devoted men with their wives, living far from all civilized society, high up among the snowy heights of the Himalayas, seeking, if possible, to bring the glad tidings of the gospel into Thibet. One Brother\* was for several years employed in translating the Scriptures into the Mongul tongue. Another disputes, like St. Paul in the synagogue, with the bigoted Llamas or priests with whom they come in contact. A third attends to the temporal concerns of the little

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\* The Rev. H. A. Jaeschke, the well-known Philologist, who died at Herrnhut in 1883, after completing an English edition of his Thibetan dictionary for our Indian Government, a work of great learning and marvellous research.

settlement, or assists the Sisters in teaching in the school they have set on foot.

In the course of conversation, which naturally turned upon missionary topics and experiences, Sister L. spoke of the difficulties that have occurred in translating the Bible, from the want of suitable corresponding words or expressions in the various languages, mentioning, as an example, that in Greenland the epithet, "Lamb of God," had at first to be rendered "*a young seal*," until by degrees, by dint of explanation, the original idea embodied itself in the minds of the natives, to whom a lamb was a strange, unknown creature.

The noonday bell for dinner reminded me that I must take leave of the two Sisters. At two o'clock I was invited to drink coffee with Sister S——t, after which we went for a long walk together, to the village of Ruppertsdorf, a very extensive one, as most of the Saxon villages are. A few days before, a new pastor had been appointed, and the whole of the inhabitants went to

meet him at a neighbouring place, where his last cure had been, to bring him in joyful procession to his new home. The way lay through Herrnhut, and it was really a very pretty sight—the men all dressed in black cloth, the women in their gayest petticoats, the so-called *Dresdener Röcke*, the favourite colour for which is bright red, relieved by a broken stripe or figure of black and white, tight jackets, blue stockings, and plaid kerchiefs tied over their heads. The young girls were crowned with wreaths of flowers, and the school-children bore bright banners and streamers. Several bands of music were in attendance, also some horsemen, who rode beside the open carriage and pair, in which the new pastor sat with one of the elders of the Church by his side.

There is a “schloss” at Ruppertsdorf, a large massive building, but not at all like an English “castle”—four-cornered and regular, with a deep roof, double-sloped, without an inch of eaves. A bridge over

stone archways leads to the entrance, and in the garden below a fountain splashes. The opposite side of the mansion looks into an extensive avenue of fine lime-trees, which we followed till it brought us to a wood of yellow larch and fir, on a slope of the *Hengst-berg*, not a mole-hill, but a "mare's mountain," intersected with a perfect labyrinth of shady, meandering paths, leading by a devious course towards Herrnhut.

There are plenty of pretty walks in the neighbourhood of the settlement, and, through the kindness of my friends, by degrees I became acquainted with nearly all of them.

One morning Antonie C. asked me, with a smile, whether I would go to the "*Langsamer Tod*," at which I looked rather grave, and asked what it was.

"Come and see," she said, and we had a pleasant stroll down a gentle declivity leading to the Petersbach.

"On a hot summer's day the return by

this path is very wearisome," she presently explained, "as you may imagine, since it is quite exposed, which may account for its appellation of the '*slow death!*'"

Another afternoon I rambled through the wood with Sister F., by the so-called *Meditations Weg*, or Meditation Walk, a favourite resort of Count Zinzendorf. The fallen and dry needles of the fir-trees gave the ground a smooth, elastic upper surface between the straggling roots. The brush-wood of heather and bilberry shrubs and bright green moss reminded me of Königsfeld, but the rustic seats and foot-bridges were composed of long blocks of basalt or granite, which looked strange, and certainly less picturesque than logs of unhewn wood.

It was dusk when we reached Sister F.'s house in the Neue Strasse, where I was to take tea with her. As we entered, a young girl came up, bearing on a board a sugared cake spiced with cardamums, a yard long and more than half as broad.

“To-morrow is *kirchweih*\* in the village of Berthelsdorf, and this is a present from my landlord, who is ‘*guts-verwalter*’ (land-agent) there,” observed Sister F., after receiving the cake from the girl, and sending her away with a message of thanks to her master and a small *douceur* for herself. “*Kirmess-kuchen* will be eaten to-morrow by every one connected with Berthelsdorf, and there will be a party in almost every house in the village. Those who are too poor to invite will be invited, and coffee and liqueurs will go round till late at night.”

I went down the next day to hear the *kirchweih* sermon, which was a very good one indeed, perfectly adapted to the occasion. A choir of young men and maidens of the place sang three pieces to an accompaniment of violins and wind instruments, and I doubt whether a set of villagers in our country could produce anything half

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\* Annual commemoration of the consecration of the church.

as creditable ! After the sermon the pastor read the confession and absolution, and then, descending from the pulpit to the altar, intoned a form of thanksgiving, the benediction following, also intoned.

When the service was concluded, the women, who had occupied the whole body and lower portion of the church, looking very smart in their holiday petticoats and white laced caps, trimmed with a profusion of flowers and ribbons, filed round the altar, each laying a small coin in the offertory plate, for the Church fund. The men then descended from the galleries and did likewise. The usual contribution of a *pfenning* a head had been collected before the sermon, the sexton going round with a red purse, very much like a "cap of liberty," attached to a brass ring on a long pole.

On the thirty-first of October, the Reformation festival was celebrated. This day, which commemorates Luther's posting upon the walls of the *Schloss-kirche*, in Wit-

temberg, his ninety-nine theses against the indulgences, then being sold in the town by Tetzels, is solemnized annually throughout Saxony, although the reigning family is Roman Catholic.

At seven in the morning the trumpets were blown from the tower of Herrnhut church, and at ten there was a sermon attended by a large congregation, for the shops were shut.

At the evening service the choir sang, "How beautiful are the feet," and an air selected from Mendelssohn's "St. Paul."

The following evening we again had a musical service, this time peculiarly Moravian, namely, the "Liturgie von der vollendeten Gemeinde," a beautiful selection of verses and portions of Scripture, carrying one in spirit to the assembly of the just made perfect, the saints around their Saviour in heaven.

## CHAPTER X.

NIESKY—THE MAN WITHOUT A NAME.

FINDING that my former amiable travelling companion, Sister S., was about to pay a visit to Niesky, another Moravian settlement, about five hours' drive from Herrnhut, I arranged to join her and her friends, and we started one morning at half-past five, a party of six, which just filled the roomy old coach, and had a very pleasant drive, nodding amongst our cushions till it was light, and chatting away the remaining hours. The scenery had no charms to offer, being uniformly flat and uninteresting, broad acres, with here and there a long straggling village between.

The morning after my arrival was chill and gloomy; and before I had finished

my breakfast of coffee and little milk-rolls, a drizzling rain began to fall, which warned me that I must give up, at least for that day, my meditated survey of the place and its surroundings.

After whiling away an hour or two as best I could, I determined to console myself for my enforced inactivity by paying a visit to my old friends, Herr Inspector Geller, of Neuwied celebrity, and his wife. The former was at the school, giving a lesson ; the latter I found with her eldest daughter busy looking through a pile of boys' shirts, blouses, and socks, giving directions for the mending. I should have been in despair at the mere sight of such a medley of buttonless wrists, torn sleeves, and worn heels ; and thinking that the Frau Inspectorin must be the same, I was inclined to withdraw, but she reassured me with a smile and a warm welcome, and the Sister, whose business it was to do the repairs, having departed with her instructions and her work, the inspectress

quietly took up a small blue frock which she was lengthening for her youngest child, a fair-haired little girl, and, saying she hoped I too had some work with me, fell to chatting of old times.

Towards twelve o'clock, the universal dinner-hour, I rose to go, promising, however, to return in the afternoon and join the little family party at coffee. After this sociable meal, which is an inexpensive daily luxury, indulged in, one may almost say, by all classes in Germany, I went to see the museum, the contents of which consist in contributions sent or brought over from various parts of the world by the missionary Brethren. Here the lectures on natural history and physics are held for the students of the Pædagogium.

Thus passed the first day of my visit to the little settlement. The following morning, a gleam of sunshine found its way through the window of my room at the *gemein-logis*, or Moravian inn. Re-

joiced at the sight, I hastened to dress and breakfast, and then wandered forth, greeting *en passant* my good-humoured host, who stood parleying at the open house-door, and who answered my salutation with a smiling "*Morgen, Morgen*"—an ellipsis which amused me, as being so exact a counterpart of our English rustics' "mornin'!"

It was half-past eight, and the day-scholars were running home to get their second breakfast—probably a slice of bread with an apple or two. The little ones stared at me wonderingly, and whispered with emphasis as I passed, "*Wer ist das?*"

Having no other end in view than that of seeing about me, and the place being too small for any fear of losing my way, I walked on without inquiring whither, and, taking the first turning I came to on the right, which led into a narrow alley between garden hedges and palings, I presently found myself in the quiet *Gottesacker*. It looked to me already full, and reminded

me that Niesky was one of the earliest founded Moravian settlements. Passing down the centre walk, through the ranks of simple stones, overshadowed by tall lime-trees in even rows, and garlanded with ivy or periwinkle, the French *immortelle*, and German *immergrün*, an inscription in golden letters upon the archway over the principal entrance caught my eye :—

“DAS FLEISCH RUHET IN HOFFNUNG.”

“Yes,” mused I, as I gazed at the bright characters and words, reminding of the joys and glories of the resurrection morn ; “the Saviour will one day reappear with the joyous mandate, ‘Awake, and sing, ye that dwell in the dust,’ and then shall ‘the dead that die in the Lord’ arise to everlasting life.”

Walking on, I came to a second enclosure, evidently a more recently consecrated burial-place. It contained but few stones. One bore neither name nor date

of birth ; the inscription upon it ran thus (translated) :

HERE RESTS  
A DEAF AND DUMB MAN,  
WHO CAME HITHER, AS IS SUPPOSED, FROM BOHEMIA,  
IN THE YEAR 1851.  
HE FELL ASLEEP  
IN MARCH, 1862.

I stood still to ponder the strange announcement, seeking, as it were, for something more than was expressed—something that would give a clue to the history of the sleeper's life ; but in vain. Resolving to ask my friends, when I should see them, for an interpretation, I wandered on, and crossing a field in which stood a couple of old-fashioned wooden windmills, in somewhat rickety condition, I entered a plantation of firs, mingled with beech, birch, and young oaks. It was laid out after the quaint style of Frederick the Great's time ; a labyrinth of small but well-trimmed paths led in a variety of directions to a number of little garden-

houses and temples of every shape and kind. A turn in the maze brought me unexpectedly upon a rustic chapel, with spire and gothic windows, all of painted wood. The door was heavily padlocked. Hard by rose a mound, furnished at the summit with benches, and apparently representing an observatory. In another direction I found a round tower and fortifications, with bridges thrown across from point to point, quite scientifically; while in an excavation below sparkled a tiny pool of water, in which a miniature fountain plashed.

A block of stone beneath a tree, bearing the inscription,—

THEODORO WEIZ  
GRATA  
PÆDAGOGII CIVITAS,  
MDCCCLIX.,

thanks a former tutor of the Pædagogium—afterwards a missionary in a distant quarter of the globe—for his part in the more recent embellishment of the planta-

tion. In another spot stands a broken pillar upon a mound of rockwork, inscribed in honour of an old inspector,—

THEODORO CHRISTIANO ZEMBSCH,  
NATUS XXIII. MAI, MDCCXXVIII.,  
OBIIIT XXX. Aug., MDCCCVI.  
DANIEL xii. 3.

Again one comes upon the motto, “*Hora ruit*” with an hour-glass painted beneath. Many of the quaint devices date as far back as a century and more, and amongst these remnants of old times and fashions the youthful students of the Pædagogium amuse themselves, calling their unique playground by the name of “*Mont plaisir*.”

*Multum in parvo* might have been inscribed at the entrance, thought I, with a smile, as I turned to retrace my steps to the village. Taking the path which led me again through the burial-ground, I paused involuntarily as I passed by the deaf and dumb man’s grave, and almost started as I heard my own name pro-

nounced near at hand at the same moment. Looking up, I perceived Sister Geller hastening towards me from the other side of the hedge.

“I was just on my way to the *gemeinlogis*,” she said, “to ask if you would like to call on the Sisters of whom we were speaking yesterday. I have half an hour to spare, if agreeable to you.”

I gladly assented, and, as we walked, I took the opportunity of inquiring into the history of the poor Bohemian.

“How is it that there is no name on the stone?” I asked.

“Because,” she replied, “we had no means of learning what it was.”

“Not by writing?” I suggested.

“He could neither read nor write,” she answered; “so that, supposing him, as we have reason to do, to have been born deaf and dumb, he of course did not know his name himself.”

“Why is it said that he was ‘*supposed* to have come from Bohemia’?” I asked.

“ Because,” replied my friend, “ we could not be certain ; but something about his appearance and dress, in the first instance, raised the supposition, which was afterwards strengthened into belief by a little circumstance which—— But I will tell you the story from the beginning. The first that was heard or seen of the poor man was one day, years ago, when towards noon he found his way into the hall of the Sisters’ House here. This in itself excited no observation, since, as you know, beggars and wayfarers may be seen daily seated on the benches at either side of the entry, waiting for scraps and broken food. The midday meal over, a Sister brought him from the kitchen a bowl of soup and vegetables, and when he had finished it, she gave him a couple of *pfennings*—a mite which every needy wanderer receives—and bade him ‘ God speed ’ ; but he uttered no word of thanks, gazed at her in silence, and remained where he was. An inquiry as to whence he came and

whither he was going proving equally fruitless, the truth began to dawn upon her; in short, he turned out to be deaf and dumb, and his helpless condition excited much compassion. He continued to hang about the place, appearing thankful for such food and lodging as were offered him, and willing in return to perform any little office for his benefactors that might present itself, such as chopping wood, sweeping the snow in winter and the fallen leaves in summer from the paths of the 'Platz,' or green, in the centre of our village, till, in time, he came to be looked upon as a regular inhabitant, and a variety of little employments in connection with the *gemein-logis* were made over to him, whereby he earned his frugal subsistence, and seemed contented.

"Thus matters stood, when one day some Bohemian travellers, passing through the place, turned into the inn to refresh themselves. At the sight of them, our poor dumb friend's ordinary apathetic indiffer-

ence to all that went on around him vanished; his eye brightened, and in various ways he endeavoured to attract their attention. Brother A., the landlord, noticed this, and, curious to discover what might be the cause of the poor fellow's excitement, related to the visitors the story of his coming, and mentioned the date, hoping to bring about a recognition, in case of any connection existing between the parties. Whether it was his fancy, or actually the case, I cannot tell; but he affirms that the strangers immediately became uneasy, and, after making an awkward attempt to change the conversation, hung their knapsacks over their shoulders, and began to talk of hastening on their way; which they forthwith did, glancing meaningly at the deaf and dumb man as they passed, on which he cowered into a corner with a dejected look, refusing to pay any attention to the interrogatory signs subsequently addressed to him. Thus the whole circumstance remained an

enigma, which we can only solve by supposing that the strangers were relatives or connections of the poor fellow's, who had turned him into the wide world to seek his own fortune, withholding from him, perhaps, some little pittance that was his due. Whether their meeting with him here was by chance or design, it is difficult to conjecture. They may possibly have traced him hither, and have wished to see how he fared, without themselves being recognised."

## CHAPTER XI.

KLEIN-WELKE, NEUDIETENDORF, AND THE  
WARTBURG.

I LEFT Niesky again on the morrow, having secured a place in the Klein-Welke coach, which started at half-past four a.m., at which early hour Inspector Geller most kindly came to see me off.

It was rather a wearisome drive, in an original sort of conveyance, like a great covered van, with swinging seats. I dozed till we reached Bautzen, where the horses had a feed and an hour's rest, and by the time we drew up to the little inn at Klein-Welke I was half frozen and very hungry. However, a fire and dinner were speedy cures for that, and having readjusted my toilet in the smallest and plainest of bedrooms, I sallied forth to

make a call on the Sister who superintends the Home for the children of Moravian missionaries, the chief object of interest in the place.

I found her very busy, a missionary pair having just arrived from Labrador, bringing with them several children for the schools; but she kindly invited me to drink coffee with her on the morrow, promising to show me over the establishment afterwards. In the meantime I received an invitation from the "Pflegerin" and "Vorsteherin" of the Sisters' House to spend the evening with them.

The next day, which was Sunday, I heard a sermon in aid of the Moravian Missions. The Preacher stated that the number of converted heathens under Moravian influence at the various stations of the Cape, the West Indies, Greenland, Labrador, Surinam, the Gold Coast, Australia, and on the heights of the Himalaya, amounted to some 80,000 souls, adding that, while we may rejoice over these little

bands of Christians, the overwhelming number of *hundreds of millions* still living in darkness and unbelief should urge us to do more and more for the hastening of Christ's kingdom on earth.

The service was attended by several families of the wealthy landed proprietors of the neighbourhood, who came, fashionably dressed, in carriages, with liveried servants in attendance.

Before dinner, Brother R., the Director, kindly took me over the boys' school, where I saw nearly fifty boys, come together from all quarters of the globe, except Asia. I was quite surprised at their healthy looks. Those from Labrador are found to be the most backward, both in bodily and mental development; and, indeed, I saw two little fellows of nine years of age from thence, who would not have been tall for seven or even six. They did not look deficient in intellect, however, and repeated some hymns to me in the Esquimaux tongue very nicely. Another

child, lately come from the West Indies, spoke English, but it was very broken, learnt from the native domestics.

In the afternoon I went over the girls' school. The groups of nice little countenances in the several classes greatly interested me. In one room we found a birthday gathering. There were some absentees, spending the Sunday afternoon with friends or relations. I was glad to hear that they are often invited out for the holidays, so that they enjoy a change of scene and the privileges of family life occasionally.

From the time that these children come to the school, they are entirely taken off their parents' hands, being taught, boarded, and clothed (not in a uniform) at the expense of the community, from a fund set apart for the purpose.

At the age of fourteen they join the choirs of "great girls" and "great boys," and are received respectively into the Sisters' and Brothers' Houses. From the

school they get an entirely new outfit of linen, clothes, and bedding, and fifty thalers, and they begin to support themselves by fine and fancy work, or other occupation, helping themselves out with their fifty thalers till they can earn sufficient to live upon, which is not very difficult in a choir-house, where all is carried on upon a very simple, and, therefore, reasonable scale.

If any of them show talent and inclination for teaching, they are sent to one of the higher Moravian boarding schools to "finish," and when they are eighteen or twenty years of age, are gladly received as teachers.

After making the tour of the school, Sister G. proposed a walk to the top of the Wiewalze, an eminence whence Napoleon watched the battle of Bautzen on May 20th and 21st, 1813. The ancient old town lay very picturesquely before us, and, at our feet, on the other side, were the villages of Gross and Klein-Welke.

It was barely dawn when I drove out of Klein-Welke towards Bautzen next morning, in order to catch the first train to Dresden at half-past seven.

The night had been very windy and boisterous, but the morning was clear and calm, and the rising sun tinged the clouds that hovered over the horizon a deep red.

As we drove through the long irregular streets of the old town, the driver, a Brother from Klein-Welke, turned ever and anon to give me a little bit of information respecting the buildings and ruins. Here was a massive gateway, surmounted by a slender spire; there the fine Cathedral, dating from 1213; beyond, the crumbling remains of a church, destroyed in the Hussite war, in 1434; further on a gaunt round tower, grey with age.

At a quarter-past nine I reached Dresden, and taking a fly, drove over the Elbe bridge to the *alt-stadt*, where I first of all visited Herr Kaufmann's large musical instrument establishment. Having expressed

a desire to hear some of them, I was shown into a hall filled with harmoniums of every size, from four octaves upwards, musical boxes, and a variety of other clock-work instruments, some of which were in cases like tall cupboards, the doors of which Herr Kaufmann opened when they played, that I might observe the works. One he called a *chordauladion* (to resemble pianoforte and flutes); another, *symphonion*, or small orchestra for the saloon. The price of one of these, constructed to play fifty tunes, was four thousand thalers. Then came the *bello-neon*, a very powerful instrument, representing trumpets, horns, etc., and lastly, the *orchestrion*, or full orchestra, valued at fifteen thousand thalers!

Kaufmann's wife came in to play the harmoniums, and all of a sudden an automaton huntsman, life-size, in forest-green frock, yellow buskins, and boots, gave us a cheery blast from his horn. Herr Kaufmann said that his father had

made this clockwork figure early in the present century.

I paid a shilling for the unique concert, and then made my way to the palace, to spend as many hours as I could in the fine picture gallery, the glories and gems of which are too well known to need any description. Among the old pictures are some exceedingly quaint in fancy as well as design. One, for example, of Francesco Solimena, representing a dying monk, in his dark, sad cell, with angels hovering about him, one of whom is seated at his head, playing a violin !

There is a coffee party, by Willem van Mieris, in which guests and hosts strike one at first sight as being very plain, if not decidedly ugly folk. One looks about to find a single good-looking personage, when suddenly one awakens to the discovery that the whole assembly consists of — *apes* ! Alas ! alas ! that so close should be the resemblance between man and monkey !

A small octagon hall, hung with tapestry, was pointed out to me by an attendant as the most costly chamber in the palace. I found it difficult to tear myself away from the alluring maze of Carlo Dolcis, Titians, Correggios, Raphaels, Rubens, and Rembrandts, with barely a glance at most, and at many not even that. One might visit the collection for weeks and months, and not exhaust its treasures, the three pearls of which would make a never-ending feast, viz.: Raphael's Madonna di San Sisto, Holbein's Madonna, and Correggio's La Notte.

Opposite the Picture Gallery is the *Schloss Kirche*, a magnificent Roman Catholic church, richly decorated with sculpture and statuary, graceful figures surmounting the roof at all points.

One of the beauties of Dresden is the *Brühlsche Terrasse*, a long terrace, planted with avenues of trees, overlooking the Elbe, on the banks of which is the so-called *Italiensches Dörfchen*, supposed to

remind one of an Italian village, where in summer the country people assemble in numbers to drink beer or coffee in the open air, which may more probably have given rise to the name.

There is a quaint piece of sculpture in the old town, called the *Moritz Monument*, raised to Duke Maurice in the year 1591. Death, as a skeleton, stands behind the duke, reaching an hour-glass over his shoulder. A lengthy Latin inscription flanks the monument on either side.

On my way back to the station, I passed the Japanese Palace, which has a peculiar green roof,\* and contains a curious collection of china of all ages, which I should much have liked to see, but could not, as the building is closed to the public after one o'clock.

A railway journey of three hours and a half brought me back to Herrnhut, and

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\* Not to be confounded with the "grüne Gewölbe," or green vault, a sort of Aladdin's cave of treasures in the royal palace before mentioned.

Mamma Gambs' kindly welcome sounded very pleasant to my ears as I once more took possession of my room next to hers.

After a week of dull, cold weather, the morning dawned mild and clear, like an early spring day, and I could almost fancy that I heard little birds twittering joyously from the great lime-tree, amongst the branches of which the starlings are wont to build, in little wooden hutches carefully placed there to invite them.

Sister L. called to ask if I would like to be introduced to Brother and Sister R., the pastor and his wife, to which I gladly assented. When we rose to take leave, after some very pleasant conversation, Brother R. offered to show me the prayer-hall, which contains an interesting oil-painting, composed of portraits of all the first converts of the various Moravian missions—Red Indians, Greenlanders, Hottentot children, Armenians, Tartars, etc., represented as gathered round the Saviour with palms in their hands.

There are also several realistic pictures of our Saviour's birth, death, and burial, memorials of an epoch of the Moravian Church, in which love of Jesus and veneration for His sufferings, sought, as it were, something sensible to feed upon. The little flock was doomed to some sad experiences in consequence of the error into which it had fallen, ere laying it aside.

"You must go to the 'Archive' next," said Mamma Gambs, after hearing an account of my morning's doings. "You must not leave Herrnhut without visiting our Archive."

So to the Archive I went, and as I glanced round at the shelves and cases of documents, I thought, "What a fund of information might be gleaned here, were I going to write a History of the Moravians!" But I wasn't, and so, after a while, I turned to a long table in the centre of the room, on which lay some ancient-looking books and MSS. Among them was a large old family Bible filled

with quaint woodcuts, the fly-leaf bearing the date of Zinzendorf's birth and of his father's death, both noted by his mother at the same time, for her husband died when the child was but six weeks old. There was also a parchment-bound volume, in Huss's handwriting, consisting of notes of his Latin lectures and sermons. The first page contains some of his opinions upon the corruption of the Roman Catholic Church.

"And what is this?" I inquired, indicating a single leaflet, yellow and worn with age, written over on either side.

"It is a leaf from Christian David's pocket-album," was the reply; "and the text is a verse of encouragement written for him by Zinzendorf on the occasion of his going out to the Greenland mission."

"*Apropos* of Greenland," continued the brother, taking up a coil from the floor, "here is a whip of seal hide, over thirty feet long, such as the Esquimaux use in managing the team of a dozen or more

dogs which they harness to their sledges. And here are some Greenland dolls. This one represents the woman dressed in fur trousers and a fur jacket, finished off, you see, with a long tail reaching nearly to the ground. The large hood is used either to cover the head, or to carry the babies in!"

Such, and others of a similar nature, were the curiosities of the Archive and Museum. I returned home to an early dinner, and then started for the village of Gross-Hennersdorf—a good hour's walk from Herrnhut. Here we visited the *schloss*, or castle, where Zinzendorf passed his childhood with his maternal grandmother, Henrietta Catherina von Gersdorf. The window is still shown from which he cast his childish epistles directed to the Saviour.

The edifice is of ancient date, having been commenced by the German emperor—Henry the Fowler—as a hunting lodge.

The surrounding woods were probably rich in game in those days. After him

it passed through various princely hands, till it came into those of the Gersdorf family. It belongs to the Brethren now, together with the estate attached, but has been for years unoccupied, except by a Bailiff or forester, so that it is in a very ruinous condition—the ceilings falling in, and fungi growing up between the flooring. It is a pity they cannot find some rich baron willing to take a lease of it, and rich enough to put it in repair and keep it up. The rooms are large and lofty, and were probably at one time handsomely decorated; there are still portions of the white and gold ornamentation to be seen on the grooved ceiling beams.

Most of the rooms are built with open grates, which is strange, as now one sees close stoves everywhere.

The staircase leading to the upper apartments is of massive stonework.

An octagon-shaped clock-tower is attached to the building, which looks very old, but the surrounding green domes

are evidently an addition of more recent date. The castle moat is nearly dry, but the old wall is still standing.

Having well examined every nook and cranny of the Count's ancient house, we next visited the Hennersdorf Orphan School, a Government institution.

We found the young inmates looking very healthy and contented, occupied in a variety of ways: some working in the garden, others threshing, others sorting straw for plaiting, which is an evening employment for all; some were sweeping; one great boy was cleaning a long row of lamps, or lanterns; two little fat fellows were paring potatoes in the kitchen for the morrow's dinner. They even help in the laundry, and do all the mangling.

Thus passes the afternoon. The morning is spent in the schoolroom, where they learn reading, writing, arithmetic, a little history and geography. Religious instruction is not neglected, and they have a very nice prayer-hall, with a small organ,

where they assemble for morning and evening worship. At the age of fourteen they are apprenticed to some trade.

As we passed the little church, the walls of which still bear the date, 1514,—although it was restored in the early part of the last century, having been destroyed by fire,—I stopped to look at some of the ancient monuments and tablets on the outside, and Sister F. remarked that, in a vault below, Zinzendorf's grandmother lies buried. A funeral had just taken place, and a large congregation of followers filled the church.

The village of Hennersdorf is rather picturesque. Its thatched houses are dotted irregularly over an open level, backed by a mountain horizon at no great distance.

Fat geese, so cheap and plentiful in Saxony, were squatting about the meadows, or dabbling round the pools of water.

After drinking coffee at a quiet inn within the castle territory, we started homewards, hoping to reach Herrnhut

ere the evening dewes began to fall, in which, however, we were not successful, for as soon as the sun set, the mists rose with incredible swiftness, and we were soon enveloped in them.

“Shall you be ready to resume your travels by the 18th?” asked Sister S. one morning. “I have just had a letter from my husband, and he wishes me to visit our relatives at Neudietendorf, so that, if agreeable to you, we would spend one night there, and I could still reach Königsfeld on the 21st.”

“Your birthday?”

“And our wedding-day.”

“Is it?” I said. “Then I am sure you ought to spend it together. I shall be ready to start any day and hour you like to fix. And as to stopping at Neudietendorf by the way, it is just what I wished, as I should be glad to see the settlement.”

These preliminaries arranged, the next thing was to pay the farewell visits, accept the farewell invitations, and give a little

tea-party in return, which went off very happily.

Leaving Herrnhut by train at two o'clock on the day named, we reach Neudietendorf at half-past five the same afternoon, and next morning, between breakfast and dinner, I went round and saw all that there was to be seen, including schools, choir-houses, and chapel.

I observed that the peasant-women about the place wore a peculiar costume, which I was told was that of the Thüringerwald.

It consists of a short petticoat and a mantle, which I can liken to nothing better than a double skirt torn open and tied round the throat. This latter is generally of figured print, very full. The lower cape reaches to the middle. Beneath the upper one the women frequently carry great baskets on their backs. The head-dress varies, but the orthodox covering is a kind of poke straw bonnet, set on as girls sometimes do in the hayfield to shield their eyes from the sun. The crown is as large

as a pudding plate. The trimming consists of a very broad band of black velvet.

At two we started for Eisenach, a quaint, foreign-looking town, overlooked by the Wartburg, famous and interesting as having been Luther's "prison," or, more properly speaking, stronghold, for a season, after the Diet of Worms. The afternoon was piercingly cold, the frost hung white and thick on the trees, but the sky was clear, and the sun shone brightly over the Thüringerwald.

Half an hour's brisk walking brought us from the station to the summit of the eminence on which the castle stands. The oldest portion of the building dates as far back as the eleventh century, it having been founded in 1067 by Ludwig the Springer, a Landgrave of Thüringen, who is said to have given rise to the name by the exclamation, "Wart Berg—ich will dich bezwingen!" or something of the sort. Part of the schloss has been restored within recent years.

The judgment-hall is frescoed with representations of various events in the lives of the several Landgraves to whom the castle has belonged—such as Ludwig's leap, the subduing of the lion, and so forth.

The frescoes in the corridor leading to the chapel tell the story of Saint Elizabeth's life. She was very charitable, but her consort, Otto IV., did not look graciously on her good deeds. One picture represents her carrying bread to the poor, concealed in a napkin. Otto riding to the chase meets her and roughly demands what she is bearing.

"Roses," she replies, and opens the cloth, in which, by a miracle, roses appear!

The chapel is richly coloured—the roof of a deep blue, bespangled with golden stars. From a painted glass window of early date a "dim religious light" is cast over the several objects of interest: the pulpit from which Luther preached so boldly, the ancient seats of carved oak, the crimson-covered altar.

The banqueting-hall is very handsome, with polished oaken floors, and walls decorated in the mediæval style. The "Sängersaal" is most interesting as having been the scene of the poetical combat between Ofterdingen and Wolfram von Eschenbach on the 7th of July, 1207. A large picture gives the story in detail.

An illuminated scroll in a recess at the end of one of the corridors bears the motto of the poet Walther von der Vogelweide:—

" Wem nie von Liebe Leid geschah,  
Geschah vom Lieb' die Liebe nie."

The apartments in the tower being occupied by the Grand Duke of Gotha, we could not see them. Quitting therefore that portion of the castle, we followed our guide to the quarter in which Luther's room is still to be seen in its original condition.

The great splash of ink on the wall where he is said to have beheld the devil *in propria personâ*, tempting him, has been more than once renewed, and as often carried away by visitors piecemeal. It ex-

ists no more, but the broken plaster shows where it once was. The square, rudely constructed oaken table, at which the Reformer wrote his translation of the Bible, stands over against the door. The edge is bound with iron to prevent its being further hacked and defaced by eager chippers. Beneath it reposes a mammoth bone, used by Luther as a footstool! In a recess stands a wooden bedstead, to represent that in which he slept, but the four posts are all that remain of the original. An antique-looking stove, covered with bright green glazed tiles, projects far into the room.

The walls are adorned with portraits of Luther and his parents, and some autographs of the former, framed and glazed, dated respectively 1533 and 1539. The lattice-window looks out upon the mountain-ridges of the Thüringerwald. As we gazed forth, carried back in thought some three centuries and a half, the sun sank like a golden ball behind a forest-clad peak, and

we turned to leave the cell, that we might descend the mountain-side ere dusk set in.

When we reached the station, we were almost frozen, and very glad to enter the well-warmed refreshment room, and to find that we could have some hot chocolate for the paying for it.

Brother M., Sister S.'s cousin, stayed to see us off by the seven o'clock train to Gunthershausen, where we arrived at ten.

We found that there was no train on to Frankfort before half-past five the next morning, so had to make up our minds to accept the pressing invitation of one or other of the two hotel keepers, who stood waiting to guide such as would follow them to their respective inns.

As we knew nothing of the respective *merits* of the latter, we had to choose at random, and bade the least importunate of the two "Herr Patrons" lead the way, which he accordingly did with a lantern.

It was very dark, and the road seemed long and intricate as our conductor pre-

ceded us first down a flight of stone steps, then over a bridge of planks, and then across a lonely meadow, till our minds almost misgave us as to the honesty of his intentions. However, presently a rustic-looking inn with white plastered walls, picked out with black beams, placed at a variety of angles, rejoicing in the name of "*Der neue Gasthof*," or, "New Hotel," glimmered through the darkness. Sister S. and I whispered to each other the proverb, "*ländlich sittlich*," as a sort of reassurance, and followed our guide up a very narrow, but well-sanded staircase, at the top of which he opened a door, and showed us into a nice little sitting-room, through which was a tiny bedroom with two beds. A bright little girl of some fifteen or sixteen years sped in and out, bringing lights, pillows, fresh water, etc.

After giving orders that we should be called at four o'clock precisely, and that tea and rusks should be served at five, we bade our willing attendants good-night,

and prepared to shut ourselves in, having been informed by our host that our next neighbours were a lady and gentleman travelling in the same direction as ourselves.

I had not slept more than two or three hours when I heard Sister S. at my bedside, saying she thought it must be time to be stirring. I was wide awake in an instant, and after a long search for the lucifer matches, we obtained a light, and found that it was but three o'clock. Sister S. turned in again, and was speedily asleep once more.

Sleep would not visit my eyes so easily, so I dressed and packed my travelling bag, and then sat and shivered in the bitter cold of the early November morning, till the longed-for cup of hot tea appeared, and somewhat restored me. After a hasty breakfast, our worthy old host duly escorted us to the station, where we took places for Frankfort, our last stage together, which we continually regretted.

## CHAPTER XII.

FROM NEUWIED TO ZEYST.

“FRANKFURT ! Frankfurt ! Frankfurt !” cry the guards, rapidly passing along the line of carriages.

We scramble together bags, umbrellas, and railway rugs, rush for our luggage, show up the tickets, call a porter, hasten to the Taunus Station, and in a few minutes more I am reseated.

“The Lord be with you,” says Sister S., fervently pressing my hand.

“God bless you,” I reply. “I shall think of you to-morrow.”

A heavy jolt, a shrill whistle, and I am fairly started for Neuwied.

The railway journey from Mayence is interesting, for the line runs right through

the ancient towns and villages on the banks of the Rhine ; and one passes by a succession of old towers, walls, churches, and picturesque ruins, along the very foot of vineclad hills or mountains, from whose summits crumbling castles frown. At half-past three I was at Neuwied.

And now what shall I say about the old place, with its pretty Schloss-garten but unpicturesque streets, every stone of which still looked familiar to me, and which I remembered as a very paradise of happiness during the two years of school-life spent there ?

But few of the friends of those times remained ; yet there were some, and others made in subsequent visits. Schoolfellows were dispersed far and wide. Some had died, many were married, and of those still in the place, most had been too much my juniors to remember me.

“Surely the Frau Doctor B. must have been of your date ?” remarked old Sister P. one evening as she sat with me in the

dusk, talking over the changes in the settlement and school.

“Frau Doctor B.? Who is that?” I asked.

“Lina S. she was,” returned Sister P. “You know she married the Herr Pastor of the Lutheran Church, and he died, and——”

“Stop, Sister P. No; I know nothing about it. When did Lina marry? and when did he die? and is she still living here? I must see her.”

“She lives with her mother. She went back to her after her husband’s death. They were only married nine months.”

“Poor Lina! Will you take me to her to-morrow morning?”

We had not seen each other for some years; yet, when we met, each thought the other unchanged. I found her the same sweet-mannered, gentle being she ever was, and when she spoke of her husband, it was with a pathos that brought the tears irresistibly to my eyes. Again and

again I looked at her girlish figure and sweet childlike face, and thought to myself, "Is it possible that she can have known the pang of widowhood?"

She lent me a memoir of her husband, published by his elder brother, which proved to me, more than even her own words could, how great had been her loss in his early death.

One day she brought me some of his sermons to read. One written for the last Sunday in the Ecclesiastical year, here called "Todten-Sonntag," on which the departed in the Lord are specially remembered, was very powerful and comforting.

Another day she fetched me for a walk. Our thoughts and conversation took the usual turn. As we strolled by the Rhine, she pointed to the opposite bank, to where a little village lay dark in the shadow of the mountain side, and said,—

"You see there is Wollendorf, where we have often drunk coffee together in old times, on half-holidays. There my dear

husband and I spent a week, not long before his death, making the most we could of the poor accommodation at the one little inn of the place, because he had been ordered there for change of air."

When the rain drove us homewards, we took shelter in the Sisters' House, continuing our walk in the long corridor, till the lamps were lit and the supper-bell rang.

At Neuwied I was surrounded by young *compatriots*, for both boys' and girls' schools are largely recruited with English pupils. There was also an English family resident in the settlement, or rather the Moravian quarter of the town, who were most friendly and attentive to me during my stay.

Good Sister F., one of my old teachers, was constantly popping in and out to see me, to bring some little delicacy of her own concoction, or to have half an hour's chat; and Sister H., the *Pflegerin*, was all kindness. But the time was at hand for me again to make my farewell rounds. I

wished to be in England before Christmas Day, and there were the Moravians in Holland still to visit.

And so one fine morning I woke up and found myself at Zeyst, a large Moravian settlement near the university town of Utrecht.

Opening the curtains of my little tent bed, I took a survey of my apartment. It was very tiny, with a very large window occupying the whole of one end. On one side stood a sofa, with a diminutive table in front of it. Three chairs and a wash-commode completed the furniture. A turf fire burnt cheerily in a close iron stove, and the singing of a kettle warned me that breakfast was at hand.

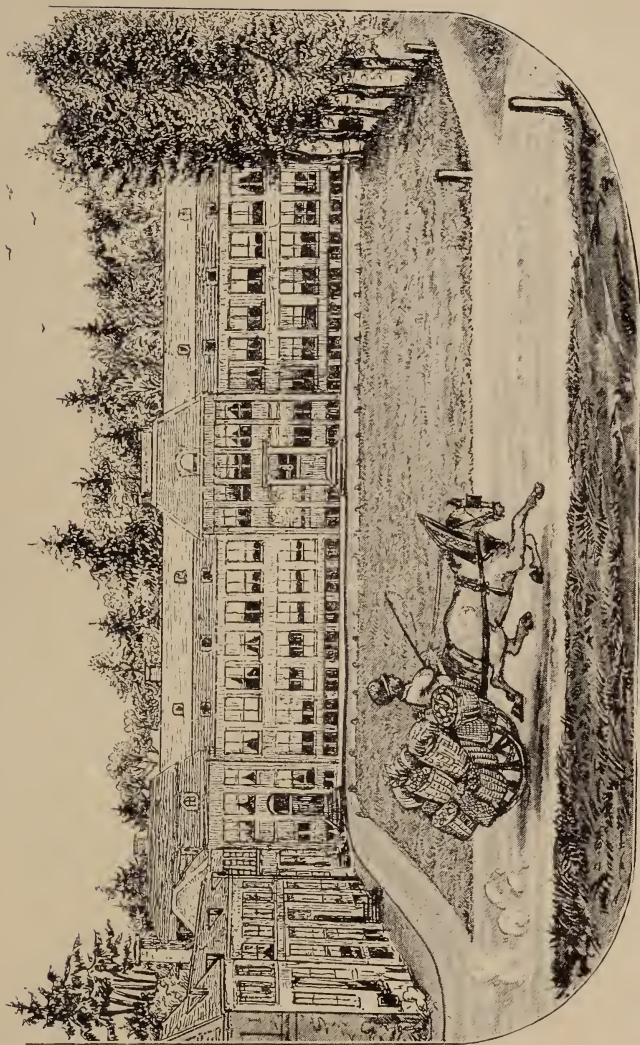
I arose and looked from the window, anxious to see what view it commanded, and behold! a fine open green, planted round with tall lime-trees, greeted my eyes. This, then, was the "square" of which I had heard, and round about the square I could see the chapel, Sisters' and widows'

houses, girls' school, and some private dwellings, all remarkable for their very flat frontage, large windows and green doors. Further off was the boys' school, and to the right peeped forth from amongst a bower of trees the pretty tower of the village church.

All was still in the place, but presently a cry just below the window almost made me start. A man from one of the neighbouring fishing villages was going round calling "Ei! Bokkum! Ei! Bokkum!" bokkum being, as I afterwards learnt, a small fish very common here.

Just then the door opened and a fair-haired, good-tempered looking Dutch girl appeared with a tea-tray containing my breakfast.

I hastened to dress and partake of the repast, and soon afterwards Sister S., a former teacher of mine at Neuweid, came in to inquire how I had slept after my yesterday's long journey, and to ask whether I were inclined for a walk.



ZEYST—SISTERS' HOUSE AND SQUARE.



It was Saturday, and in front of all the houses we found servant-girls in their sabots busy with brush and pail, cleaning the tiled pavement. They were not unpicturesque in their black stuff petticoats, short upper skirts of lilac print with body to match, white aprons, and white caps. Sister S. called my attention to the fact that the settlement is surrounded by a double dyke, or canal, the inner one running immediately at the backs of the houses, from each of which a little bridge is thrown across. One would think that this could not be very healthy, but it is the general arrangement in Holland.

After service on Sunday, Sister H. came to invite me to take a walk. On our way through the village we met the congregations coming from the Reformed and Roman Catholic churches. It is almost exclusively the lower portion of the population which belongs to the latter here. The women wore the whitest of caps, with the stiffest of plaited borders, surmounted

occasionally by a black satin, cottage-shaped bonnet, but as often without. Over their shoulders they had the winter cloak, a short mantle of lilac print, lined with coarse flannel, and gathered into a quilted collar standing up round the throat.

We peeped into the Reformed church as we passed, and saw the attendants just collecting together the “stofes” or *chaufpieds* universally used in Holland. They are little wooden boxes with draught holes at the top and an opening at one side, through which a little earthenware pan of glowing turf embers is inserted when required. The use of a heated “stofe” during service may be had for the payment of ten stivers, or one penny.

One afternoon I went with Sister H. to see a Dutch farm called the “Blaue Hek” or “Blue Gate.” In the midst of broad acres and meadows, intersected with the never-failing *schloten* or canals, bordered with trees, stands the pretty one-storied farmhouse, a long, low building, with high

rush-thatched roof. At the back the orchard, hedged round with a wattled fence, at one side the kitchen and flower garden, at the other, three noble corn-stacks, each protected by a thatched roof, supported by four stout poles, on which the roof descends as the stack decreases in height; in front the poultry-yard, with its pretty dovecote perched on a wooden pillar.

In an outbuilding, used by the family in summer as a dwelling room, we found three servants, a man and two rosy-faced lasses, about to sit down to the midday meal. One of the latter was washing some coarse cloths in a deep bucket, stirring and flirting them about with a two-pronged wooden implement, which she manipulated in no gentle manner with both hands.

"Is de Vrouw t'huis?" inquired Sister H.

"Ja, me Vrouw," was the reply, and we crossed the yard and passed through the open house-door into a good-sized entry, floored with black and red tiles. To the

left stood a cupboard with glass front, containing crockery, to the right a child's wicker carriage and a large table, with a great earthen pot upon it, from which issued a strong odour of salt cod. A number of old-fashioned engravings, a series of pictures from the life of Diane de Poitiers, adorned the walls.

Tapping at a door, whence issued sounds of talk and eating, we were received by a pleasant-looking old lady in a close-fitting lace cap, the ordinary head-dress of the farmers' wives and daughters. It has no border, but is finished off at each side with a sort of pointed lappet, which they curl up and fasten with a pin. Above this a pair of gold or gilt earrings invariably appear, but not a particle of hair is allowed to peep forth.

I was introduced as "an English lady who would like to see over the farm." The mistress looked flattered, and eyeing me from head to foot, repeated, "Ah, Englesche dame."

We were in a spacious room, in the centre of which stood a table, covered with a white cloth and white crockery, around which a family party of grandfather and grandmother, little grandchild and parents, sat at a substantial meal of baked meat and vegetables, backed by a goodly loaf of black bread made of sweet rye.

The apartment was carpeted all over with a sober-coloured drugget. The walls were neatly papered and hung with pictures, several good-sized mirrors, an ornamental gilt clock, and a barometer. A vase of artificial flowers stood upon a chiffonier, and there was another china-cupboard, "the old lady's pride," as Sister H. said, whisperingly bidding me admire it, to please her.

I could do so very sincerely, for there was some curious and good old-fashioned porcelain among the bright contents.

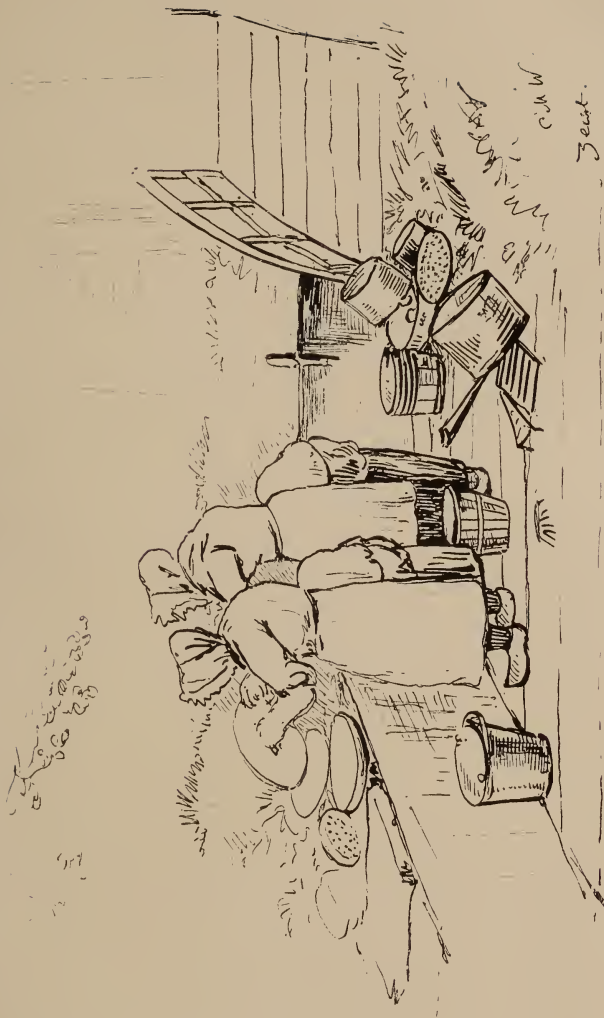
At the upper end of the room was a large open fireplace, backed with glazed

tiles, with iron dogs for the logs. A kettle, and a long iron rod with a hook for hanging it up, stood on the hearth.

To the left of the fireplace I noticed the wall was draped with white muslin curtains, and upon inquiry heard that behind them was a bed fitted into the wall, occupied at night by the old couple. The height of the recess seemed barely enough to allow of a grown person sitting upright.

We next passed into a very tiny sleeping chamber, where again was a bed in the wall, with a child's wicker cradle by the side of it.

Descending a few steps by another door, we found ourselves in the cheese-room or larder, tiled all over, and fitted up with tiers of shelves, on which several dozen cheeses lay in rows. Sister H. purchased some new laid eggs of the old lady, who then led us again across the sitting-room, and opening a door, invited me to mount a low staircase, which brought me into the



AT A DUTCH FARM.



*spare room* of the dwelling, a tiny one, but snugly carpeted all over, and fitted up with a pretty little cabinet and polished table, and again a recess-bed, with chintz drapery.

After this we crossed the hall and paid a visit to the dairy, and then to the stable, which is under one roof with the dwelling. All was beautifully neat and clean. On one side a dozen cows, and on the other as many horses, were comfortably feeding, and in the space down the centre lay corn ready for threshing. The threshing-machine, which looked something like a great grooved extinguisher of wood, is wheeled round and round by a horse. At a little distance from the house I perceived a second stable, which I took to be a summer shelter for the animals, or a dwelling for the pigs.

Having, through the introduction of one of the Sisters, received a very hospitable invitation to spend a few days at Amsterdam with the family of Herr C., honorary

agent for the Moravian missions, I left Zeyst one morning by the 7.50 train, and was in Amsterdam at 9.30. Jut Vrouw Alida, Herr C.'s eldest daughter, met me at the station with a fly, and we drove at once to the famous Zoological Gardens, where she ordered a little *déjeuner à la fourchette* in the handsome spacious refreshment rooms. Then we wandered about the grounds and viewed the animals, whose dens and houses reminded me of those in the zoological toys for children, for which, indeed, they very probably have served as the model. We paid nothing, Herr C. being a member. Hence we went to the gardens and assembly rooms of the "society" to which the family belongs. There are, as Fräulein Alida told me, a number of such societies in Amsterdam, of one or other of which most families of the better class are members. The ladies spend the summer mornings in the gardens with their work, the children play there, and in the afternoon the gentlemen collect

together and drink coffee or play at bowls. Now and then there is a concert or lecture in the evening, or, in winter, a ball. At Christmas, the juvenile members have a tree and a dance, or some such entertainment.

At twelve o'clock my young hostess took me to her home, where I made the acquaintance of her friendly and hospitable parents at the luncheon table.

In the afternoon I went to see the picture gallery, which contains Rembrandt's finest piece—the "Night-watch"; and then we wandered about the town a little, that I might obtain a general idea of it. Flags were flying everywhere from the merchants' houses, to commemorate the consent of parliament to the cutting of a canal from Amsterdam to the North Sea. The houses of Amsterdam are very high and narrow, finished off in front with a curiously shaped and ornamented gable, which gives the streets an irregular but picturesque appearance. A painted beam

with a pulley projects from each gable, to draw up stores to the loft. The smaller streets are extremely narrow. Broad canals run through the centre of the larger thoroughfares, with a carriage and foot-path on either side, and many bridges across. The houses are built upon a foundation of wooden piles, from thirty-five to sixty feet in length, which are rammed down into the marshy soil, by means of a very simple machine, to give the requisite firmness. Every three feet of depth costs a guilder. The palace stands upon 13,659 such piles.

At dusk we returned to the house, and I was shown into a dainty little bedroom, where I rearranged my dress and rested a while. When I descended to the sitting-room, I found the whole family party assembled—father and mother, two elder daughters, the eldest son, a youth of eighteen or nineteen, who gave me a very polite welcome, and the two youngest children, a couple of dear little pets of

five and six, with black eyes and dark brown hair, turned off the forehead with gold-fronted combs. They came at once and put their soft little hands into mine, saying, "Guten Tag, me Vrouw."

Port wine was set on the table, of which all partook, while the servant, in neat quilled cap and white apron, spread the cloth for dinner—soup, hare, potatoes, boiled plain, apple sauce, and beer, followed by a dessert of almonds and raisins, not quite English, but rather more so than the fare in other parts of the Continent I had visited, with the exception, indeed, of the sauce.

After tea, Herr C. proposed taking me and his eldest daughter to a concert, to hear a famous Italian singer lately arrived; or if I preferred, he offered to take us out instead, that I might "see the town by gaslight." It was not very brilliantly lighted, to my London-trained notions, but the irregular old houses looked picturesque enough in the semi-gloom, and

here and there a boat lay moored on the canal side, with a light in its stern reflected in the water.

“A whole family lives and sleeps there, very probably,” observed Miss Alida.

The day finished up with an oyster supper, at which I was enabled to compare the English natives with the Dutch, and I decided in favour of the latter.

The next morning the maid knocked at my door at half-past seven, and lighted the fire, at which I lay lazily gazing till the room grew warm, when I got up and looked out at my window. Opposite to me was a long row of tall, picturesque, gabled and stuccoed houses; between us the canal; the new covered fish-market a little to the left; and, rising high above all, the beautiful tower of the old church, which is very rich in painted glass.

At a quarter to nine I went down to the sitting-room, but found none of the family there, excepting the two little girls, playing in the window with their slates. With

them I began a game at "cross and nought," the rules, regulations, and subtilities of which had to be taught by signs, as they could not understand my German, nor I their Dutch.

Soon the eldest sister came in, and began to make the tea—that well-beloved beverage of the Dutch; and by degrees the rest of the party appeared.

"We are not so early here as in Germany, are we?" said Frau C., who was herself more than half German.

The breakfast was a very light and simple meal. A basket of new white bread in thick slices, a plate of very thinly cut black bread, to be eaten with the former, and a china dish of salt butter, were arranged on a cloth laid across the centre of the table. The kettle was boiled over a portable stove, heated with turf embers, and a tray of small cups and saucers of dainty old china stood before the tea-maker. After breakfast the ladies washed these themselves, according to universal

Dutch custom, using for the purpose a pretty red and black Norwegian bowl.

Meanwhile, I went to get ready for a pre-arranged excursion to Haarlem. Leaving Amsterdam at half-past eleven, I reached Haarlem at twelve. Brother H., the pastor of the little Moravian community there, consisting of about thirty members, chiefly Germans, met me at the station.

“Will you allow me to conduct you to the vigilante?” he politely inquired, after introducing himself.

“I should prefer that you would conduct me at once to the cathedral,” was my reply; for which I laughed at myself, when I discovered that the “vigilante” was no place, as I had supposed, but a hired fly.

After showing me something of the town, the Stadhuis and Hout, or Park, which is the pride of the place, and lamenting that my time was too short to admit of my visiting the famous tulip gardens

in the suburbs—"although, to be sure, at this season of the year there is not much to be seen in them," he observed—Brother H. conducted me to his house, to introduce me to his wife, who was already awaiting us at the sociable, "zwaalf uurtje," or noonday meal. We were speedily at home together, finding that we had many mutual friends in the various Moravian communities.

At one o'clock Mr. H. took me to the church, a fine Gothic building, once a Roman Catholic cathedral, that I might hear the famous organ, which is played every Tuesday and Thursday from one to two o'clock for the benefit of the public. It is a magnificent instrument, filling the entire height of one end of the nave. The pipes are of steel and gold, the whole frontage is richly ornamented with sculpture and carving, representing figures, wreaths, and festoons of flowers, harps and wind instruments. Brother H. said he had heard the organ at Freiburg, in

Switzerland, and thought the tone of it finer and sweeter than of that at Haarlem, although far less powerful. But the effect produced on the hearer is various, according to the humour of the organist, who plays *con amore* when he perceives that there is a large audience below, and not otherwise.

On the chief place or square of Haarlem stands a fine bronze statue, erected to Jansz Koster, who, according to Dutch authors, invented printing, as a symbol of which he holds a letter-type in his hand.

At half-past two I returned to Amsterdam, and after a pleasant, cheerful dinner, during which I received very pressing invitations to prolong my visit, or, all events, renew it, I prepared to take leave of Herr C.'s very hospitable family.

“You can put down in your note-book that you have stayed in the largest brewery of Amsterdam,” said Frau C., with a quiet smile, and the tiniest twinkle

in the corner of her eye, which meant to say, "I *know* you journalize."

"No! have I really? That does interest me," I unequivocally replied.

Jut Vrouw Alida and her father drove me to the station, and at half-past eight I was again in Zeyst.

The next morning I was invited by one of the Sisters to drive with herself and a friend to Utrecht, and spend the day there. This was a very pleasant proposition, to which I joyfully acceded. First we visited the extensive Deaconesses' establishment, which appeared to be admirably arranged and conducted. The Sisters do not wear a uniform, for it is thought the dress may be equally simple and suitable without that peculiarity. Most of them belong to the chief families of Utrecht.

Not far from this establishment a curious old house may be seen, said to have existed before the birth of Christ.

The glorious cathedral, founded in the year 696 by Bishop Willebrordus, and

restored in 1015, and again in the 13th century, very much interested me. In 1674 the nave fell in, in consequence of a terrible hurricane, and was not rebuilt; so that now the tower, a very beautiful one, some 365 feet high, stands separated from the remaining portion of the edifice, the tall fluted columns of which, with the double row of tapering arches and windows, are elegant in the extreme. In the old cloisters is an arch, the centre supports of which having been broken (query, whether by accident or intentionally?) are bound together by a sculptured cable, cunningly knotted, the whole probably a quaint conceit of the architect's. Beneath the floor of the church lie entombed the bowels of the Emperors Conrad II. and Henry V. The body of the latter was buried at Spiers.

The next place of interest was the Senate-hall and Chamber of Debates, where, after examination, the students have to assert their standing and position

against the challenges of their fellows, in the presence of the professors.

After a luncheon of coffee and bread and butter, with thin slices of highly smoked, uncooked beef, which is considered a delicacy in Holland, we made some purchases, and at four drove back to Zeyst, admiring by the way the beautiful country seats and grounds laid out in the English style, which flank the road in an almost continuous line.

Before I take a last leave of Zeyst, I must not entirely omit to mention a very delightful little coffee party given in honour of myself by an early and intimate friend of the well-beloved "Sister Z." of old Königsfeld days, at which I met all the chief Sisters of the place—to wit, the clergyman's wife, the director's wife, the superintendents of the choir-houses, and others.

A visit to the Brothers' House is also worthy of notice, for there, under one roof, I found some twenty different trades

being carried on. From a silversmith's shop I was conducted to a confectioner's, thence to a shoemaker's, again to a toy store, a cutler's, a tailor's, a saddler's, and others too numerous to name.

And now I must hasten on my way. Having resisted the many inducements to spend Christmas at Zeyst, I cannot describe how they keep Christmas in Holland, although I ate "St. Nicholas" at the house of a former schoolfellow in Rotterdam, and was present at various holiday gatherings, being there detained by stress of weather until the day before Christmas Eve itself.

St. Nicholas Day, December 5th, is a great day in Holland, when presents of bon-bons are sent anonymously from friend to friend; the children believe that they come from St. Nicholas, and lay shoes and slippers about staircases and corridors to receive them.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR AMONGST THE MORAVIANS.

THE Moravians are a tuneful people, and every festivity and solemnity is celebrated more or less with music. The Church's festivals and the deaths of members of the community are alike announced by the blowing of trumpets from the church tower. On all special occasions a full band accompanies the choir in the services, and the approach of Christmas-tide is hailed by the pupils of their schools, and their own children, with the singing of a glad Hosannah. "Hosannah, Hosannah in the Highest," ring out the glad young voices, as did those of the children of Jerusalem, nearly nineteen hundred years ago, to hail the coming of the Christ their King. How the rhythm of that

sweet music runs between the lines as I write, for I too have sung it, in those glad and happy school-days. "Hosianna, Hosianna, Hosianna in der Hohe," it began. We were a little nervous, and inclined to falter, when first we stood up alone before the assembled congregation. It was always a large one on that Advent evening. At Neuwied the townspeople come, at Königsfeld the Black Foresters crowd in to listen; but the first triumphant burst of the accompanying orchestra restored our confidence, and quickly we were carried out of ourselves, and with the words we sang: "Hosannah to the Son of David, Hosannah in the Highest."

From Advent Sunday until Christmas-day a continual stream of present giving and taking sets in. This, too, has its meaning, and significant connection with the holy season. At Königsfeld almost every night during Advent a Christmas-tree might be found lighted up in one or another of the houses in the quiet settle-

ment. Now at the old pastor's for his youngest boy and girl; then at the inspector's, for his four little golden-haired children, who reminded one of the pictures of good Queen Bertha's days; or at the warden's, for the little only daughter and her two brothers, who idolised her, and thought almost that she should be placed as the angel on the tip-topmost branch; or in some one of the other homes where parents or godparents, or other friends had provided the expected surprise of a *Baum*—a “tree.”

“Come and see our tree,” the German children say at Christmas time. The tree, *par excellence*, to them is the fir-tree, gilt-decorated, bright with tapers, and laden with bon-bons.

When I was at school in Germany, I enjoyed Christmas-time very much indeed, even though I did not go home for the holidays. None of my school-fellows did either; our homes were too far off for that. But the kind Moravian Sisters, who

were the teachers in the school, did all they could to make up for it, by giving us every pleasure of the season which they could provide.

We were occupied for some weeks beforehand in making out lists of what presents we should like best to have. We were allowed to do this, that our teachers might select certain things from amongst our "wishes," as we called them, to be given to us in the name of our absent parents or other relations. These lists were of great importance to us, and our thoughts were pleasantly engaged over them long before the time. They were written and rewritten very often indeed, until at last the day came when the announcement was made that the lists were to be given in. Then we went over all our wishes again very carefully for the last time, and put first, second, and third over against those things that we most wanted or desired, and so on, till at the end came a variety of articles which we did not

much expect to get, and which we should not very much grieve for if we did not get, but which we perhaps thought might act like the nuts and oranges in a schoolboy's box, and serve to fill in corners !

Some of these lists of "wishes" must have made the good Sisters laugh, I am sure; some were truly ludicrous—filled with the most absurd and outrageous demands, hardly any of which could be heeded, and which probably were not intended to be; so other things more sensible were substituted for them.

Other lists were not full enough. Some unimaginative, or timid, or thoughtless children seemed positively not to know what to wish for, and the Sisters had the trouble not only of getting the presents for them, but of thinking what would best please them.

Others consulted with their companions right and left, and, instead of putting down what they really wanted, they put down what others might have wanted.

Some—especially the elder foreign girls—who were very practical-minded, wrote down a matter-of-fact table of articles, which they actually required for use in school, at their toilet, or for their work. The English generally chose fanciful things, which they had seen abroad, perhaps, for the first time; or, if it were their first year at school, they put down albums, and German hymn-books, and French Testaments, and papeterie and bonbon-boxes, and other things, such as their school-fellows already possessed, and which they too coveted.

As far as possible (probably up to some given sum, but of that we knew and were told nothing), everything that was asked for was supplied, when the wishes were reasonable, and those things that came first on the list were the first considered.

Each paper was signed with the writer's name, and given up, to be heard no more of till the time came; but, besides all this, there were the so-called "*Christ-bescheere*"

(“Christ gifts”) which we prepared for one another.

At one time each girl made and gave as many as she liked, and to whom she liked; but one year it turned out that a few especial school favourites had been overwhelmed with presents, while others, on the happy *Christ-bescheer* night, went to bed with aching hearts, having been overlooked entirely. So the next year a gentle, kindly supervision was held.

Each child might give six *Christ-bescheers*—three big and three little ones—and she was to tell the presiding Sister of her class-room to whom she intended giving them. Of course the three big presents would go to her three best friends, and the three little presents to three whom she cared a little less for; and if the good Sister found that any one girl was about to get too little, she would, without seeming to do so, manage to suggest her name for one of the presents which were of minor importance in some donor’s eyes, or

which she, perhaps, had scarcely destined for any one in particular.

Thus good-will towards all men was inculcated, and every one was sure to be made happy when the grand occasion came to pass. This was always on some evening a little before Christmas. The thinking out, preparing and adorning, or making up our *Christ-bescheers* had occupied many a recreation hour, and the announcement of the day, or days, on which they were to be presented, was an important event. On one evening half the school gave, and the other half received, and the following night it was *vice versâ*. In the boys' school the same.

Our *Christ-bescheer* evening was fixed for a half-holiday—how otherwise could we have managed to prepare all our trays of bright presents, lighted up with their numerous little tapers and decorated with every imaginable device, according to the taste and ingenuity of the donor?

Imagine, if you can, all the large school-

rooms thrown open (the early German supper over), the wide staircase well lighted and warmed with braziers of glowing coal, and seventy or eighty laughing girls, from the little one under eight to the eldest, who was to leave next term, all running to and fro, up and down, hither and thither, in and out and round about, bearing in their hands little trays laden with pretty things: work-cases, satchels, vases, embroidered collars, worked slippers, neckties, books, trinkets, surrounded with sweetmeats, and cakes, and iced ginger-bread, embedded amid a maze and blaze of coloured Christmas candles. Then fancy one child approaching another with a joyous cry of "*Christ-bescheer! Christ-bescheer!*" presenting the glittering tray, and running off again.\* "*Von wem?*" (From whom?) was the usual

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\* The correct response to the cry of "*Christ-bescheer*" is, "*Viel zu schwer!*" To which the other answers, "*Nicht zu schwer!*" and leaves the laden tray.

utterance of the bewildered recipient—for each girl carried somebody else's gift, not her own. But this was not divulged at the time; it remained to be learnt afterwards, and I may say it was seldom much of a secret. There was little doubt who had given, and to whom, as each one knew her own best friends. Still, occasionally surprises came, and the shy affection of a little one towards an elder was, on this occasion, perhaps, evinced for the first time, or the opportunity was taken for repaying some little kindness done, or responding to some friendly advance.

At last all the gifts have been given, and arranged down the sides of the long schoolroom tables, and now there is a lull, for the teachers are coming round to see the show. The head teacher of all, an old lady of aristocratic birth and bearing, enters first. She greets us all in French—the language she best likes using. She makes the tour of each room, finding some kindly, pleasant, *à propos* word, whether

grave or gay, for each child in it, and then bids us *bon soir* and *bon appetit*, for all our *bon-bons*.

And now follow the other teachers, and a perfect hubbub of ecstasy arises, as some favourite approaches to see the things she has perhaps helped to purchase or procure.

At length the tiny candles have burnt very nearly down; the teachers have all been round, and so have good Katrine and Verena, the waiting maids, with the motherly old housekeeper, Sister Klein I will call her, though I might better call her Sister Gross, for she was of a goodly size, comely and comfortable to look upon, and we all liked her much.

The last little remnants of light have to be blown out on one or two trays; the tables must be cleared, and the pretty things stowed away. Our excitement calms gradually down, and, after prayers and a hymn, we go tired to bed, to dream of further pleasures to come.

St. Thomas' Day, the shortest day in

the year, was that on which the teachers received and gave their own presents; it is the day on which, in many counties of England, doles and gifts are still looked for by the country people, according to ancient usage.

Then they had a tea in their own room, and we were relegated to the supervision of some kindly old Sister of the Sisters' House, whom we doubtless either worried or amused exceedingly—possibly both. I am afraid in all cases she must have left us at bed-time with a bad headache, but perhaps, too, with some pleasant thoughts revived within her of her own childhood, and its gleeful anticipations of *Weihnacht*—the consecrated night of all the year, of all time.

On Christmas Eve there were preparation services, beginning with a Love Feast for the children and infants. At the Love Feast the Christmas candles were given to typify Christ, the Light of the World. At a given moment, during the singing of a

concerted piece by the choir, we lighted them one from the other, and the babies would crow for pleasure as they tried to catch hold of the small flames with their chubby fists, their calm-faced nurses and mothers smiling whilst they joined in the chorale which told of the Babe of Bethlehem adored by the wise men of the East. Then we left the church in silent procession, extinguishing our tapers\* as we went, to be laid by as relics of our school days (I had mine till I married), and mementoes of Christmastide spent amongst the Moravians.

The happy, holy morn itself was ushered in with the sound of trombones, and the teachers aroused us with a cheerful Christmas hymn. We got up in the dark of the early winter's morning. Snow lies on the ground, and it is very cold, but the stars are shining. As soon as we left the dormitories, shouts of delight might be heard

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\* They were spirally decorated with myrtle-green, and had a very pretty effect.

from every quarter, for there stood in each room a tree towering to the ceiling, enveloped in a halo of light.

We find the rooms smelling of pines and honey; for the floors are strewn with fir-branches and the trees are lighted up with honey-tapers, and all are aglow with golden and silver nuts, and fruits, and bonbons; coloured stars and chains and streamers glittering on every branchlet; and, above all, the winged *Christ-kind*—the Christ-child emblem—in whose blessed memory the day is celebrated, and from whom come all the good gifts we enjoy.

Around the table, below the trees, are grouped the gifts of parents and friends—our “wishes,” with the “*Wunschzettel*,” or wishing-lists, lying by them, to show how many have been gratified. Sometimes, indeed, they were more than gratified, for I can remember mine being supplemented very largely by a “box from home,” containing, amongst more substantial gifts, an English plum-pudding and plum-cake.

Here I must leave you to imagine the scene of exuberant delight and ecstatic admiration that reigned till the breakfast-bell summoned us to the great dining-hall, where the festival breakfast was served. I do not think I could possibly enable you to fancy a tenth part of the charms and delights of those happy Christmases spent in our Moravian school if I were to go on writing—writing till Christmas Day comes round again !

I should like to add that we were taught to associate the lights on our Christmas-trays and Christmas-trees with the Light that came into the world to “lighten the Gentiles,” the sweetmeats that decorated them with the joy that must fill every Christian’s heart at the remembrance of what Christmas-tide means, and the presents themselves with the good and gracious gifts which are promised to all, at all times, who ask them in Christ’s name, and especially with that most precious of all good gifts, wherein

God gave His only beloved Son to be born into the world and to die for us, that all who believe in Him might be saved unto life eternal. Thus our *Christ-bescheers*, or Christ-gifts, became full of earnest meaning for us, and will ever so remain to those who took part in the scenes which I have tried to describe.

At ten and seven o'clock were the festival services. The simple chapel, still called "Hall" (*Saal*) by the Brethren, of plainest architecture without, and within all white with slightest setting of gold, was strewn with fir branches; the Sisters wore their white shawls and white long muslin aprons, after the fashion of the olden times, and quaint close caps with the distinguishing ribbon of their choir—pale blue for the married women, pink for the unmarried, white for the widows, and crimson for the girls. The children, too, had caps of less strict form, of net and lace, with pink bows and ruchings. From one side of the bright *saal* there enter the

Sisters in orderly procession, while from the other entrance come the Brothers and their boy pupils; and the hour that the service lasts—it never is longer, and is even called “the hour,” “*die stunde*”—is not too long a strain upon the attention of either young or old.

Boys' and girls' schools mutually interchange visits during the afternoon and evening for the purpose of seeing the trees and decorations. The boys had a very beautiful representation of Bethlehem to show—the ingenious work of one or more of the masters. There was the little village, with the starry canopy of heaven, the shepherds feeding their flocks, the inn, and the manger in the foreground; and while we looked in rapt wonder and admiration, a musical box behind the scenes made what seemed, to say the least, fairy-like music to us. Then the boys returned the visit, to find in our music-room (so called from its containing the grand and best piano, where the best pupils took

their lessons) a large transparency representing the scene in the stable, with another typical one on either side, and a text in illuminated letters, surmounted by a semicircle of little coloured oil-lamps, all arranged with much care and trouble by our own teachers. "A Christian should not talk about trouble," an aged friend once said to me, and surely these Moravian Brothers and Sisters must make this their motto in regard to their charges.

The day after Christmas Day was what the Germans call *Nach fest* (after festival), and it was given up to actual enjoyment of our many new acquisitions. On the 27th was a thanksgiving service, attended by all the choirs and children, uniting in a grand hymn of praise. Cold, bright weather gave opportunity for sleighing parties, tobogganning and cheerful walks through the snow-garlanded forests, where the moss-grown paths and under-wood seemed decked in lace-work of the most intricate beauty.

Then came New Year's Eve, with its unique and solemn service called "*Jahres-schluss*" (close of the year) for the children. The Principal read aloud the names of all the boys and girls who had entered or left the school during the year, and then directed our attention to the changes which time brings about, exhorting those who were soon to leave, diligently to employ the short remainder of their school career to the best advantage, and reminding those who had lately come that their duty was to profit to the utmost by the instruction afforded them, adding that he trusted we should spend the few remaining hours of the year in a thoughtful manner, edifying to ourselves and to one another, thinking over our past faults of omission as well as commission, and seeking Divine assistance to lead a better life in the ensuing year, if we were spared to live through it. Then we sang a hymn, and he prayed for us.

At 8 o'clock there was another service

for the whole community, when the “Memorabilia” of the year were read over. On our return from this, we all assembled in the largest schoolroom, and had coffee and a peculiar sort of rich bun, only served on this particular occasion, and after the meal texts were drawn—one for each of us—and read aloud by the head teacher. A solemn feeling came over each youthful heart, and when the bell rang for the midnight service, and we rose to prepare for it, we went in turn to all our teachers and asked pardon of them, and of each other, for aught by which we might have given offence or pain in the past. By this time the church was densely crowded. It was brightly illuminated with coloured lamps, and a beautiful chorale was sung by the whole congregation. Then the venerable pastor gave an address, until, at the striking of the clock, the full tones of the organ and the sound of the trombones announced that midnight was passed. Then we rose,

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and sang a hymn of praise. Prayer was made for a blessing on the New Year, and after the benediction we left the church. "A Happy New Year," "Many Happy New Years"—resounded the pleasant greeting from all sides. New Year's Day is spent quietly with morning and evening services; Twelfth Day is marked by no cake or feast, but it is called "Heathens' Feast," perhaps in memory of the wise men of the East coming to seek the infant Saviour; and there is a service consisting of an address on missions to the heathen, and a prayer for their success; ending with the reading over of the names of all the Moravian missionary stations in all parts of the world. On the following day lessons were resumed, and so ended the Christmas-tide in our German school. But not so the influences, which remain as hallowed memories, associating all after years with those peaceful, joyous schooldays.



## APPENDIX A.

*See page 54.*—BISHOPS.

THE Bishops, twelve in number, are elected by the General Synod, or appointed by the Unity's Elders' Conference, the final decision as a rule being made by lot. The episcopal succession is prized by the Church as a valuable inheritance, and one of the principal links which connect the former and the present unity. When, in 1467, the Bohemians, Moravians, and Waldenses had formed themselves into a distinct union, like the apostles of old they cast lots to know who should be set apart for the office of the ministry. The men were chosen, but who should ordain them? It was resolved to seek for themselves the episcopal succession, and three of the Brethren—a Moravian Pastor, a Waldensian, and one who had been a Roman Catholic Priest (very earnest for reform)—were sent as a deputation to the Waldensian Bishop Stephen. These were consecrated Bishops by him and his assistants in a solemn convocation of the Waldensian Church.

Bishop Stephen was burnt at the stake, at Vienna, soon after transferring the succession to the Brethren.

They in their turn consecrated a fourth Bishop, and from them the succession passed in an unbroken line, through all trials and persecutions, to Amos

Comenius, who, in his old age and retirement, with forethought for the future revival of the Church, consecrated the Bishops Gertichius and Jablonsky, through whom the succession again descended, to be at length handed down to the Renewed Church of the Brethren, in the persons of David Nitschman and Count von Zinzendorf, its two earliest Bishops. In the ancient Church the government was vested in the Bishops. This is not the case now. The Renewed Church had adopted a form of government before the episcopate was transferred to it, and when the transfer took place, no change was made in that form.

## APPENDIX B.

*See page 61. — CHRISTIAN DAVID.*

AT that time (1722), says Pastor von Schweinitz, there lived in the town of Goerlitz, about a half-day's journey from Berthelsdorf, a faithful minister of Christ, Schaeffer by name, united with Zinzendorf in the closest bonds of friendship, and sharing his desire to promote the cause of the Lord; and an humble mechanic, called Christian David, a native of Moravia, once a bigoted Romanist, now, after many outward trials and inward agonies, brought to a full knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus, mainly through Schaeffer's instrumentality. These were the agents by whom the Lord was about to renew the days of the brethren as of old; and such

the preparations which had been going on for the resuscitation of their Church. Christian David had "faith which worketh by love." Himself rejoicing in the Lord, he longed to make others the partakers of his joy. And so, in the years from 1717 to 1722, he undertook several journeys into Moravia, visiting the former seats of the Brethren, and preaching Jesus Christ and Him crucified. An awakening took place in consequence among those who were evangelically predisposed, and especially in the families descended from the Brethren. Some of these expressed a strong desire to seek a home elsewhere, that they might enjoy liberty of conscience. Christian David came and went several times, without finding for them such a home. But as often as he returned to Goerlitz, he spoke of their wishes. Schaeffer became interested in the case, and reported it to Rothe; Rothe mentioned it to Zinzendorf, and Zinzendorf sent for Christian David. The result of the conversation between them was an invitation to the awakened, on the part of the former, to come to Berthelsdorf, where they should find a retreat until they could secure a better place of abode. This was in 1722. On Whit-Monday of that year, Christian David suddenly reappeared among his friends in Moravia, when they had given up the hope of ever seeing him again, and brought them the message of the Count. Thereupon two of the grandsons of the patriarch Jaeschke, Jacob and Augustin Neisser, immediately determined to emigrate. On Wednesday, the 27th of May, at ten

o'clock at night, these two men, their wives and four children, a young girl who was a relative of the family, and Michael Jaeschke, whom their grandfather had earnestly commended to their care in the event of an emigration—ten souls in all—left house and home for Christ's sake, and, led by Christian David, safely crossed the frontier. By way of Goerlitz, where Schaeffer welcomed and greatly encouraged them, they arrived at Berthelsdorf on the eighth of June. Nine days later, this little company assembled in a wood of the estate, bordering on the high road from Loebau to Zittau, in order to begin the erection of a house. The spot was a dreary wilderness, but Christian David, full of faith, struck his axe into a tree, and exclaimed, "Here the sparrow hath found a house, and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young, even Thine altars, O Lord of Hosts, my King and my God" (Ps. lxxxiv. 3). Such was the beginning of Herrnhut, then other-church of the Renewed Unitas Fratrum.

In the month of November of the same year the house was dedicated in a solemn manner, on which occasion Christian David declared it to be his conviction that a city of God would there arise, whose light would shine far and wide. All these events took place under the direction of Count Zinzendorf's steward, Heiz by name, a man of faith and of God. The Count himself was absent, having accepted a post at the Saxon Court, contrary to his own inclinations, but in obedience to the will of his family.

In the month of December, when on his way to Hennersdorf, with his young bride and his friend, Baron de Wattewille, as the carriage passed the spot where Herrnhut now stands, he saw a new house erected near the road. On inquiring of his servants, he learned that the immigrants from Moravia lived there. Zinzendorf alighted from the carriage, and entered the humble abode. That was the first meeting between the Moravian Brethren and the man whom God had ordained to be the chief agent in the renewal of their ancient Church."

## APPENDIX C.

*See page 64.—ZINZENDORF.*

THE king of Poland, becoming alarmed at the continued emigration from Bohemia, Moravia, and Silesia, required the Saxon Government to forbid the authorities at Herrnhut to receive any more settlers from those parts. The banishment of the Count followed in 1736. In 1737 he was permitted to return, but was again banished in 1738, "never to be allowed to re-enter Saxony." However, in 1747 this decree was rescinded, and when Christian David died at Herrnhut in 1751, the Count preached his funeral sermon.

"Before the full reinstatement of the Count as ecclesiastical head of Herrnhut," says a Moravian historian, "another deputation from the Saxon Government, fully empowered to sift the doctrines

of the Brethren, had arrived and held council in the Castle of Hennersdorf. This committee of investigation, in which some of the ablest theologians were employed, was engaged fourteen days, and the result was satisfactory to the royal deputation, for the Brethren, by a public decree, were acknowledged as having henceforth the sanction of the law in all their proceedings and purposes.

"A similar investigation was instituted in England, where a public petition brought them before the notice of Parliament. Long and warm debates succeeded, in which Lords Granville, Halifax, and Chesterfield, the Prince of Wales, and the Duke of Argyle, took part, arguing the tenets of the Moravians. The issue proved not only favourable, but the arguments closed with the strongest recommendations in their favour; the Bishop of Worcester adding his tribute of commendation to the people, their cause, and their remarkable history.

"During this epoch, and, indeed, still later, similar prejudices induced the authorities in the American colonies to issue edicts against the Brethren, which lasted, however, but for a short time, and always reacted in their favour. Meanwhile, numerous small congregations had sprung up all around, which, grounded on the principles of Herrnhut, and endowed with all the Christian earnestness and warmth of the first Lusatian congregation, have outlived the tempests of time, and stand unscathed to this day."

"If ancient descent and long-worn titles were of any value," says the same writer, "Zinzendorf's

position, as a nobleman, was of great eminence, while his claims to distinction on the score of inherited rank were by no means small, for the illustrious family from which he sprang traced an ancestry as far back as the eleventh century, at which period it was ranked among the twelve great houses which were considered the chief support of the Austrian dynasty. He was entitled Nicholas Lewis, Count and Lord of Zinzendorf and Pottendorf; Lord of the Baronies of Freydeck, Schœneck, Thurnstein, and the vale of Wachovia; Lord of the Manor of Upper, Lower, and Middle Berthelsdorf; Hereditary Warder of the Chase to His Imperial Majesty, in the Duchy of Austria, etc., etc. He was born in the city of Dresden on the 26th of May, 1700, and on the same day was baptized in the presence of several sponsors, among whom was Dr. Spener. His father died within a few months after his birth.

“In 1704 his mother married a second time, when the child was placed under the care of his grandmother, the widowed Henriette, of Gersdorf, who lived at Groshennersdorf. She was a lady of distinguished piety and acquirements, which were even of a classical order, as we are told of her having conducted considerable epistolary correspondence in the Latin language, and she was in constant communication with Franke, Spener, Anton, Von Canstein, and other men of their class. She was at the same time a poetess, and, like many of her contemporaries, possessed the ready gift of rendering

her religious feelings in German verse. Happily the young nobleman, until his tenth year, remained under the protection of this superior woman, and during the course of those innocent days at Gros-hennersdorf, many little incidents are related which illustrate the quality of his mind, and point to the leading aim and direction of his future character.

“After this he was removed to the Royal School at Halle, under the superintendence of Franke, where he was regarded as a youth of great abilities, and made rapid progress in learning. He could compose a Greek oration at sixteen, and speak extemporaneously in Latin on a given subject. But Zinzendorf’s heart ever kept pace with his intellect, and during his six years’ stay at the University of Halle, the friendship of the venerable Franke fostered his early inclinations, already nurtured and encouraged by his grandmother, and the association with his school companions gave rise to the institution among a select number of them, known as the ‘Senfkorn Orden,’ or the ‘Order of the Mustard Seed.’ The statutes of this order are still extant, and their purport is ‘To follow Christ in walk and conversation, to love your neighbour, and strive for the conversion of Jews and heathen.’ The badge was a shield, bearing upon it the representation of an ‘Ecce Homo,’ with the words inscribed on it, ‘His wounds our healing.’ Baron Frederick de Wattewille was among the members of the union, and he, together with many others of its chosen number, became a devoted follower of

the cause it represented. Growing apace in Christian love, and adorned with the accomplishments of mind which he received at Halle, the Count was now sent to the University of Wittenberg to learn jurisprudence, and having closed his career there, he was placed under the tutelage of a new preceptor, and commenced his travels.

“On his return to Dresden, his rank entitled him to certain civil offices under Government, but he felt such extreme repugnance to all secular employment that it was long before he could be prevailed on to accept a seat in the public councils, under the title of Aulic and Justicial councillor; and at the very moment he was assuming this official dignity in the State, he resolved to make the preaching of the Gospel the destiny of his future life.

“In 1732 he was married to the Countess Erdmuth Dorothea Von Reuss. This lady possessed qualities of mind and heart of the highest order, making her deserving of the most conspicuous place in the biography of Moravian women. She was well fitted for the work she was entering upon as the wife of Zinzendorf, and the circumstances of their marriage were unusual and unprecedented in the history of all similar contracts. After transferring to her all his property, he entered into a covenant with his youthful partner, that they should both be ready, at a moment's warning from the Lord, to enter upon the mission, take up the pilgrim's staff, and even be prepared to endure the

scoffs of mankind. How implicitly they mutually fulfilled this pledge is seen in the sequel of their lives.

“Previous to his marriage, the Count had entered upon his duties as proprietor of the Manor and estates of Berthelsdorf, on which occasion he was proclaimed Lord of the Manor, and received the usual tributes of respect and homage from the vassals occupying the estates. These lay in Upper Lusatia, and had been purchased by Zinzendorf after selling his hereditary property, out of a large portion of which he had been defrauded through the unfaithfulness of a steward.

“Soon after this event, the arrival of Christian David and his fellow-pilgrims, exiles from Moravia, and the descendants of the Ancient Unitas Fratrum, took place.”

## APPENDIX D.

*See page 91.—SISTER Z.*

I HAVE here taken for the model of my word-picture a teacher well known to many “old Neuwieders”; much beloved and respected by them, as she afterwards was in her capacity of superintendent of the Sisters’ House at Königsfeld, which place she quitted on her marriage. Sister Z. died at Herrnhut some three years ago, and her surviving husband will, I know, accept this true portrait of her as an affectionate “In Memoriam” from a former

pupil. Sister "X." still lives, although not at Königsfeld.

## APPENDIX E.

*See page 110.*—GRACE AT MEALS ; THE TEXT-BOOK.

"AN old and beautiful custom," says the writer already quoted, "prevailed in many households, and may still be found here and there to this day, of asking a blessing at every meal, in a hymn consisting of a single verse. The verse, if sung at the breakfast-table, is accompanied by the reading of the daily text from a small manual published annually, and containing texts from the Old and New Testament for every day, each text being coupled with a verse. In the memoirs of Zinzendorf and Spangenberg, reference is made to the use of the text-book, which is adhered to by all staunch Moravians, and its perusal at the breakfast-table is a fixed custom.

"Another favourite companion of the morning meal was the birthday-book. In this repository were recorded the names of all friends, far and near, living and dead, the place of their nativity, date of birth, etc., making a record of those most dear to the heads of the family ; and while the anniversary of their births is referred to, they are kept alive in the memory of cotemporary, or surviving, love and affection.

"The birthday-book acquired a somewhat venerable character in the family ; as it passed down to

posterity, the accumulation of names of former days gave it additional interest and value, and where it had succeeded in escaping the wear and tear of time, and had outlived many generations, it was clung to as one of the relics deemed most worthy of preservation.

“When travelling, the Moravian of the patriarchal times had his ‘Reiselieder,’ or travelling hymns. These, sung in the solitude of the chamber, before retiring, or at rising in the morning, or performed in chorus by several pilgrims, added solace to the journey, and if on the mission of evangelical labour, assuaged its toils and hardships. We might raise up before us many a pleasant picture, if we were to imagine the travelling missionary of yore, before starting on the errand of Christian love, pouring forth in the depth of the forest those inimitable hymns we possess, and which, with the melodies that accompany them, remain intact.”

## APPENDIX F.

*See page 118.*—CHIEF ELDER.

THE unwearied and unremitting exertions of Count Zinzendorf\* to bring about a union among the members of the congregation at Herrnhut, separated by differences of opinions and various erroneous views, had been crowned with success in 1727, when they

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\* See “Moravian Manual.”

declared their readiness to subscribe to the articles laid before them, and the resolution was taken to choose, after the example of the ancient Church of the Brethren, twelve persons, who were to watch, as Elders, over the observance of these rules and orders.

The election took place in the name of God, and four chief Elders were selected by lot from among the twelve.

In 1728, Pastor Rothe and others endeavoured to persuade the Brethren to drop the name, and to call themselves Lutherans. By doing this, it was urged, they would avoid many difficulties, and escape the machinations of their persecutors.

Upon this the Count, who had been absent, hastened to return to Herrnhut, and held a solemn discourse on the text of the hymn, "O Lord, afford me light; I am straying still in darkness."

The consequence was a resolution, unanimously taken, to retain the name of Brethren and the former constitution.

Early in the year 1730, however, it was thought advisable to alter the plan hitherto pursued in regard to the offices connected with the care of the congregation, several of those filling them feeling conscientious scruples on account of the high regard paid them in their official character. The Count himself was the first to lay down his office as Warden or guardian of the congregation, declaring that he wished to commit the care and keeping entirely to God. After this there was for a period

a chief Elder or "General Elder" chosen by lot—a very onerous office, which also was at length resigned.

On the 16th of September, 1741, in London, where Count Zinzendorf happened to be at the time, the Council of Elders determined to pray the Lord Jesus to be their Chief; and then, in simple faith that their prayer to that effect had been heard, they acknowledged Him as such, promising to lay all their concerns before Him, and in all things to abide by His will. This was solemnly announced to the community at Herrnhut on the 13th of November, and received with joy and thankfulness by all. However, they themselves say: "We do not on this account exalt ourselves above others, or deny the near relation that subsists between Christ and every member of His body; neither do we regard that which the Lord has graciously bestowed upon us as an exclusive privilege of our Church. On the contrary, we are convinced that every Church and congregation of Jesus, and each individual believer, may in like manner rejoice in His special leading, and by faith appropriate to themselves the benefits and blessings resulting from His universal office as the Chief Shepherd and Bishop of our souls. We only desire to rejoice with gratitude that the Lord of His great goodness has led us to appropriate this relation to ourselves, and that a day stands marked in our history, on which the whole congregation clearly perceived that the government amongst us belongs not to man; and when, by His spirit, He

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put His seal to the promise that we made Him, of unreserved submission to His holy will."

Schrautenbach remarks, in his "Traits of Count Zinzendorf," under this head: "We find in holy writ that men more closely connected with that invisible God, who, being asked what was His most holy name, answered, 'I am that I am,' always gave Him another name, derived from their peculiar experience of His all-sufficiency, and from their recollection of the way and manner in which He had specially revealed Himself unto them—such as 'The God who is at hand'; 'who helpeth'; 'who knoweth and seeth'; 'The God of my youth; the God of my fathers'; or they represented Him under the figure of some benevolent relation, as 'Friend,' 'Father,' 'Brother,' 'Bridegroom,' 'Physician,' 'Shepherd,' 'High Priest,' 'Bishop.' In like manner the Brethren designate Him by the name of 'Chief Elder.'"

## APPENDIX G.

*See page 130.—THE NIGHT-WATCH.\**

ONE of the customs of the early days of Herrnhut that have now become extinct was that of the night-watch. In the winter evenings the watchman commenced his rounds at eight o'clock, and continued until six in the morning. In summer, he

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\* See "Sketches of Moravian Life and Character."

began at nine o'clock, and closed his duties at four o'clock. This office was assumed by all the male inhabitants in rotation, from sixteen to sixty years.

The announcement of the hour in verse rendered the custom peculiarly beautiful. Thus, at eight o'clock was sung:—

The clock is eight! To Herrnhut all is  
told  
How Noah and his seven were saved of  
old.

9 *o'clock*. Hear, Brethren, hear! The hour of nine  
is come;  
Keep pure each heart and chasten every  
home.

10 *o'clock*. Hear, Brethren, hear! Now ten the  
hour-hand shows;  
They only rest who long for night's  
repose.

11 *o'clock*. The clock's eleven! And ye have heard  
it all,  
How in that hour the mighty God did  
call.

12 *o'clock*. It's midnight now! And at that hour  
ye know  
With lamps to meet the bridegroom we  
must go.

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1 *o'clock*. The hour is one! Through darkness  
steals the day.

Shines in your hearts the morning star's  
first ray?

2 *o'clock*. The clock is two! Who comes to meet  
the day,  
And to the Lord of days his homage  
pay?

3 *o'clock*. The clock is three! The Three in One  
above  
Let body, soul, and spirit truly love.

4 *o'clock*. The clock is four! Where'er on earth  
are three,  
The Lord has promised He the fourth  
will be.

5 *o'clock*. The clock is five! While five away  
were sent,  
Five other virgins to the marriage went.

6 *o'clock*. The clock is six! And from the watch  
I'm free,  
And every one may his own watchman  
be.

—*Composed by* ZINZENDORF.

This sentinel of Zion was not confined to the set stanzas; he continued his edifying verses during his entire rounds. In singing these hymns he fre-

quently awoke the sleepers, who found the subject suited to their own situations; and the impressions of the night caused by these appropriate songs often had their enduring effect. It is related that during the visit of a certain nobleman to Herrnhut, he was so delighted with this primitive custom that he insisted upon assuming the watch for an entire night, and went the rounds in the usual form.

During the same epoch, the institution of the "hourly prayer" took its rise. A company of twenty-four Brethren and as many Sisters (afterwards increased to seventy-two) came together and pledged themselves to occupy one hour in the twenty-four, each in his or her turn, and employ it in intercession for himself or herself and others wherever known and in need of aid from above. The hour thus apportioned to each one was drawn by lot, and at whatever time of day or night it might fall, they were to be found at their posts, devoted to the charge assigned them.

## APPENDIX H.

*See page 156.—ARCHIVES.*

As this work passes through the press, a new fire-proof archive repository is being completed at Herrnhut; and the documents and other matters so interesting and important to the Moravian Church, will, in the course of the year, be transferred to it.

## APPENDIX I.

*See page 174.—NEUWIED.*

NEUWIED is perhaps the most important, as it is the best known, of all the Moravian educational establishments. The school was founded very soon after the first settlement of the Brethren in the quiet little town on the Rhine, in 1750. In that year a tiny band of poor refugees, who had unsuccessfully endeavoured to establish themselves first at Montmirail, and then at Herrnhaag, came to Neuwied at the invitation of the Prince of Wied, and after some period of trial and hardship, had already increased and prospered, in a marvellous degree, when the troublous times of the French Revolution disturbed the even tenour of their lives; and the subsequent events brought war and bloodshed, and rapine to their very doors. Those who remained at home witnessed the bombarding and sacking of their houses, and those who had fled into the country for safety were pillaged by the soldiers quartered about the villages. The Sisters and the school-children took refuge in cellars, in the Prayer Hall; the boys at one time were received at the Prince's *schloss* at Monrepos. At length they sought the hospitality of other settlements, some at Ebersdorf, others at Neudietendorf, till the worst was overpast. The girls' school was discontinued altogether from 1796 till 1802.

Before the war troubles began, the little community had experienced a trying time during the

great Rhine overflow of 1784, when what was spared by the water was threatened with destruction by the immense ice blocks which, floating over the inundated town, endangered each building they came in contact with. The only communication possible between the houses was by boat, or by openings broken through the garrets of the topmost storeys. In 1819 there was again a great flood, also a very serious one in 1845, followed by another in 1850.

But, in spite of all, the settlement and schools at Neuwied have grown and prospered, and to the excellent and happy arrangements, good tone and success, of the latter, thousands of English, Dutch, Swiss, and German pupils, scattered far and wide over the world, yet still held together by the freemasonry of love for the old school, will testify.

## APPENDIX J.

*See page 199.—HOLIDAYS.*

IN this custom, as in others, changes are being made, and arrangements already exist in some of the schools for the summer holidays being passed at home. Whether the home-feeling of the school life will suffer from this remains to be seen. It is well that the authorities recommend that those pupils, at least, who go abroad for one year only, should not return to England during that period.

## KÖNIGSFELD.

*Free translation from the German.*

“ I wander on Black Forest’s heights,  
And where I look, and where I go,  
Dark firs make shadows cross the lights.  
Will no path lead me forth below ? ”

Have patience yet, good wanderer—  
What seest thou there so calm and bright ?  
A group of homesteads simply built,  
In lonesome forest, flower bedight.

Like modest violet, closely hid  
’Neath leaves and moss, on sunny bank,  
Forth-giving sweetest scent, amid  
The growth of wild flowers, rich and rank.

“ Yon sweet spot I haste to gain,  
I gladly there would rest and stay,  
To know its name I troth am fain,  
And who its owners are, I pray ? ”

To thee, poor soul, it seems so fit  
Who after life’s long toil and tear  
Art weary, and the world wouldst quit,  
And to some resting-place repair ?

Thou findest there who fain would serve  
Their Lord and God with soul and heart,

In still seclusion every nerve  
Devoting to His work apart.

“I know not why the look from far  
Attracts me, filled with silent joy—  
A joy that seems half pain—yon star  
Tells of a Home without alloy.”

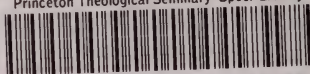
Ay, haste on, wanderer, by its light,  
On all the world thy back to turn;  
Hasten to that Kirchlein bright,  
And peace for all thy troubles learn.

A good King rules in that sweet spot,  
And merciful, who never errs,  
He gave the dwellers their good lot,  
And KÖNIGSFELD each heart-string stirs.



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